

THEODORE W. MILLER ROUGH RIDER



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THEODORE W. MILLER

ROUGH RIDER
HIS DIARY AS A SOLDIER
TOGETHER WITH THE
STORY OF HIS LIFE



EDITED BY
GEORGE E. VINCENT

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TO THE MEMORY
OF A CHRISTIAN GEN-
TLEMAN AND GALLANT
SOLDIER THIS LITTLE
VOLUME IS DEDICATED
BY ONE OF MANY WHO
KNEW AND LOVED HIM

in chapter ix. Other members of the family have supplied valuable suggestions and useful materials. It is gratifying to know that Theodore's father, who died in February last, approved the general plan of the book, and seemed satisfied with so much of its execution as he saw. The account of the period from the wounding to the death is based upon a careful statement prepared by Mr. Miller himself from all the available data. Indebtedness to classmates and others for letters, anecdotes, and impressions, is acknowledged throughout the chapters.

It should be definitely understood that while this book has been prepared at the request of Theodore's relatives, they are not responsible for the picture of the home life which seemed indispensable to a conception of Theodore's character. On this ground the editor has asserted his right to include certain paragraphs.

The thanks of the family and the editor are due to Charles Scribner's Sons Co., to Harper Bros. Co., to Mr. Frank Munsey, and to Mr. Nicholas Fish for the loan of photographs, and for other courtesies, which have made it possible to include certain of the illustrations.

The gratitude of Theodore's friends must be expressed to Mr. Richard P. Marvin, who has not only insisted upon assuming the burden of publication, but has given sound and wholesome counsel.

THE EDITOR.

CHICAGO, November 1899.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. BOYHOOD	I
II. YOUTH	17
III. COLLEGE LIFE	31
IV. LAW SCHOOL AND ENLISTMENT	64
V. THE DIARY: NEW YORK TO TAMPA	76
VI. THE DIARY: FROM TAMPA TO BAIQUIRI .	103
VII. THE DIARY: FROM BAIQUIRI TO SAN JUAN .	114
VIII. BATTLE-FIELD AND HOSPITAL	134
IX. FROM CUBA TO AKRON	146
X. THE SERVICE	156
<i>Appendix. ADDRESSES, LETTERS, ETC.</i>	169

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF THEODORE WESTWOOD MILLER	<i>Frontispiece</i>
OAK PLACE. THE HOUSE	1
LEWIS MILLER'S BIRTHPLACE	3
PORTRAIT OF LEWIS MILLER	4
PORTRAIT OF MRS. MILLER	5
“THE LITTLE BOYS”	8
JOHN AND THEODORE	10
THEODORE AND HIS SCHOOL-MATES	12
THEODORE AT TEN	13
MILLER COTTAGE AT CHAUTAUQUA	15
THE SITTING ROOM, OAK PLACE	19
THE LIBRARY, OAK PLACE	24
THEODORE AT SIXTEEN	25
BOYS' ROOM AT ST. PAUL'S	28
DURFEE HALL, YALE CAMPUS	31
BATTELL CHAPEL, YALE CAMPUS	32
YALE QUARTERS, GALE'S FERRY	34
THEODORE COACHING A CHAUTAUQUA CREW	36
THEODORE AT THE BOAT HOUSE	39
THEODORE AND THE CLASS CREW	42
THEODORE AND JOHN	45
THEODORE'S CHUM	47
JOHN V. MILLER	49
THEODORE AND FRANK WADE	51
THEODORE AS A LADY ON THE REAR SEAT	52
CAMPING ON A CHAUTAUQUA HOUSEBOAT	54
THE FENCE, YALE CAMPUS	62

	PAGE
GLENMONT, LLEWELLYN PARK	68
THE DWIGHT LAW CLUB	70
COLONEL WOOD	77
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROOSEVELT	79
LIEUTENANT GOODRICH	85
CASPAR WHITNEY	90
ROOSEVELT—DAVIS—THEODORE	93
TROOP D. AT TAMPA	96
ON THE "YUCATAN" LEAVING TAMPA	103
HAMILTON FISH, JR.	121
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS	131
SITE OF THE HOSPITAL, SIBONEY	138
DR. LESSER	139
MRS. LESSER	140
THE GRAVE AT SIBONEY	143
VIEW FROM THE SIBONEY CEMETERY	144
ENSIGN JOHN V. MILLER	146
VIEW FROM THE GRAVE	148
THE HEADBOARD	150
ENTRANCE TO GLENDALE	158
THE MILLER FAMILY MONUMENT	168
THE MEMORIAL GATEWAY (ELM ST., FRONT)	176
THE MEMORIAL GATEWAY (CAMPUS FRONT)	177

CHAPTER I

OAK PLACE with its hospitable house and wooded lawns is a hanging garden amid the smoke and bustle of a busy, manufacturing town. One peeps through the trees from the borders of the grounds, and looks down upon mill and railway and canal. To the unaccustomed ear the constant hum of industry is the dominant under-tone, blending with the songs of birds and the rustling of the tree-tops. Winding drives and paths descend abruptly on one side through dense copses to the city below; on the other, they stretch away over a broad, shaded plateau to a distant entrance. In the rear of the house are stables, hot-houses, and gardens, affording tempting opportunities for boyish



experiments of many kinds. Through the flats below the hill runs a brook which empties into a larger stream, and suggests endless feats of juvenile engineering. In the city itself are factories and mills turning out agricultural machinery, engines, rails, binding twine, pottery, articles of rubber, in bewildering variety and number. These great establishments with their cunningly devised machines and skilled workmen offer a fascinating field to the growing boy. Then, too, beyond the limits of the city, there are charming excursions to ponds, a river gorge, and an "Old Maid's Kitchen." Over the country roads the horses of Oak Place stables have covered many a rapid mile on youthful expeditions in search of small game, or in pursuit of other rural pleasures.

Within the generous house there is an atmosphere of wide-hearted hospitality and good cheer. The blazing Ohio coal in sitting-room and library dispels all sense of cold formality. The appointments are handsome, but at a glance they are seen to be a means of life and not an end. Even the stately drawing-room is not wholly forbidden to rollicking brothers and sisters. On the third floor is a glorious attic, a playroom unmistakably designed for toy railways, amateur printing shops, a gymnasium, winter circuses, private theatricals, and all the

other things in which normal boys and girls delight.

But all this is only the outer shell which a family has grown around its living self. A score of years ago, ten children gathered with their parents about the long table in the Oak Place dining-room. The father, Lewis Miller, had already gained a prominent position in more than one sphere of life. At twenty-five he had been an inventor of mowing and reaping machinery, and had rapidly advanced to a place of responsibility and wealth. Yet his interests were not wholly absorbed by industrial pursuits. He was active in church work, and early displayed a special ability to deal with the problems of Sunday School organization which at that time was sadly lacking in system and method. He was the designer of a Sunday School building which has been widely imitated in this country and abroad. His youthful experiences as a school teacher, after his graduation from an academy, had given him an interest in educational matters, and he



LEWIS MILLER'S BIRTHPLACE

and John H. Vincent had recently established at Chautauqua, New York, the summer schools and lecture courses which have grown into a truly national institution. As a member of the Akron school-board, he was able to render important service to the higher life of his city.

To the children such a father presented in an intimately personal way a high ideal of the American, actively engaged in the strenuous economic life of the nation, yet not indifferent to those spiritual and idealistic elements which alone can justify and enoble the struggle for industrial progress. They knew that their father as a boy had had the odds against him. They admired him for his pluck and persistence, and gloried in his success. They took pride in the family that had come to Ohio from Pennsylvania; they revered the memory of Great-grandfather Abraham Miller, a soldier of the Revolution, and delighted to trace back the line on their father's side to a sturdy Hollander who first set foot on American



soil at Philadelphia in 1733. To these ideals of the outer and the larger world Lewis Miller added a gentleness of manner and a rare fatherly comradeship which endeared him to all his household, and won a loyalty which he enjoyed undiminished to his death. He lives on in the loving memory of his family.

Mrs. Miller's life, in contrast with her husband's, was almost wholly of the home. Mary Alexander came of those stalwart, indomitable, Scotch-Irish folk who have done so much for the "winning of the West." They displayed those traits of courage, self-reliance, unswerving purpose, demanded by successful frontier life. Her great - great - grandfather, John Alexander, of the clan of McDonald, came to America in 1736. The men of the family had a share in both the deliberations and the fighting of the Revolutionary period. Later a branch of the Alex-



anders settled in Illinois, where Mary met Lewis Miller and became his wife. After years of faithful, loving service, this sweet-faced, grey-eyed little woman sat among her children happy in their devotion. Eva, the first-born, had died the year before the family came to live in Oak Place, but the others were full of vigor and in robust health. The meal time was a joyous family festival. Good-humored banter, the give-and-take of familiar and affectionate intercourse, enlivened the hour. There was many a merry tale at the expense of this brother or that sister; but it was a rare thing for voices to grow strident or for eyes to flash in anger. Love was the law of the household, and it worked its way into beautiful relationships. Around the mother father and children were grouped. Her room — opening from the sitting-room on the first floor — was the shrine of the family and is to-day a holy place, made sacred to her beloved boys and girls by years of self-forgetting devotion. It would not be true to say that she sacrificed herself for them. Rather she found her largest, noblest self in serving them. Nor did she suffer the pangs of disappointed hopes. Of all her children none has brought dishonor to the family name.

Those days in the later seventies were full of happiness. The circle was unbroken. Jane,

returning from study and travel abroad, brought ideas and ideals which were woven into the family life; Ira was making himself an important factor in the counting-room of the works; Edward was an undergraduate, introducing the lore of the sophomore and telling stories of college life; Robert, full of quips and jests, an inveterate though kindly tease, made things lively for the younger children; Lewis, always in high spirits, saw to it that the family life never grew stagnant; Mina, Mary, and Grace, restrained with grateful feminine tact the somewhat exuberant boyishness of their brothers. Last of all—as ages are reckoned—came the small boys, “mamma’s petty boys,” John and Theodore, irrepressible, roguish, affectionate, charming, little fellows, the delight and entertainment of the household.

At table the youngsters sat on Mrs. Miller’s right and left. In her gentle way she usually kept them in some sort of order, but now and then in juvenile riot they would break all bounds. The least sign of worry or distress upon the mother’s gentle face would bring them to instant penitence. Then they sought by every captivating attention to drive the depressing look away. At times the shots of the older children would be too much for the tender-hearted little chaps, who nestled against their

champion for comfort, or under her protection returned the fire of the friendly enemy. There

sprung up in this and other ways a peculiarly tender and beautiful comradeship between the little boys and their mother,—a relation which continued unbroken through youth into manhood.



The prominence of the family in industry, church, and society brought Oak Place into contact with a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. Men

and women distinguished in many departments of life were frequent guests. Travel on business or pleasure gave members of the family a broader outlook on the world. The summer at Chautauqua, where the Miller cottage was the center of a congenial and jolly company, extended the area of friendship. Many were the house parties at Oak Place where young people were hospitably gathered in large and frolicsome groups.

All these things tended to consolidate the family, to awaken and maintain a genuine and worthy family pride. Each member was

devoted to the ideals of all. There was a grateful absence of petty jealousies and selfishness. This solidarity was admirably shown when on Sunday morning every child from oldest to youngest went cheerfully as a matter of course to the Sunday School which their father had done so much to create. He was superintendent, and all the children gladly took their assigned places with a sense of family responsibility for the success of the institution. Never in after life did they betray that feeling of contemptuous superiority toward the Sunday School, so common among young men and young women in their social position. Yet they were as far as possible removed from the type of weakly sentimentality which has been so unfortunately associated in many minds with the Sunday School. They were normal, wholesome, genuine youths and maidens, reverent toward the things held sacred by their parents, and growing into personal consciousness and acceptance of the religious life.

It was into this family that Theodore Westwood Miller was born on the thirtieth day of January, eighteen hundred and seventy-five. To give an impression of his personality without connecting it with the family life would be a hopeless task. He had his own individuality, but it grew out of a life in common with the others,—a peculiarly intimate companionship.

It is well-nigh impossible to dissociate Theodore as a boy from John, his senior by a little more than a year. The "little boys" were rarely mentioned individually. They spoke of themselves as "ourselves." "What are you coming to 'ourselves' for mamma? 'Ourselves' are coming to you," they exclaimed when through some misunderstanding, they met Mrs. Miller returning to Akron as they were on the way to join her at Chautauqua.

Theodore in his early years gave signs of initiative and leadership. He was fond of doing "stunts" to arouse the emulation of his fellows. At the tender age of six, he drew to the attic large, pin-paying crowds of spectators to see

his feats upon trapeze
and rings. His plans
for transforming
happy families of
dogs and cats into
menageries of wild
and ferocious beasts
were hailed delight-
edly by John and his
other companions. He



was full of ideas when it came to building dams in the creek, and floating miniature navies on the broadened tide. He would jump up and down with delight, rubbing his hands together, and emitting shrill whoops of

joy, as the black soft-coal smoke poured from the stacks of "dug-out" furnaces which he and John had made on the flats.

As small boys John and Theodore formed a firm friendship for "Dade" Goodrich, a resourceful, ingenious, whole-souled little man, who was one day to stroke a Harvard eight against Theodore's 'Varsity crew, and later as lieutenant to lead the playmate of his boyhood against the outposts of Santiago. Many a happy Saturday did John, Theodore and "Dade" spend with toy engines, miniature railways, and other boyish enterprises. Again, weary of machinery, they would run across country with their comrades in games of hare and hounds, and follow your leader. In all these parties Theodore was a center of fun and frolic. His chief happiness was to make happiness general.

When the "little boys" were about six and eight, Edward or Robert brought home a set of boxing gloves. One day Theodore and John put these on and fell to with great vigor. The family gathered and applauded the combatants. The great soft gloves could do no damage other than deliver a blow stinging and for a moment painful. The youthful boxers fought with splendid dash and energy. Theodore was more brilliant and venturesome, but John had the advantage of greater weight and a dogged perseverance. They battered each other until they

lay panting on the floor, but even then Theodore would reach over to give John a few ineffectual punches. Breath regained, they were up and at it once more. For a time these contests were a popular family entertainment. Sometimes the victory was awarded to John, sometimes to Theodore, but never did the bouts

develop bad blood and passion.

The little chaps were thorough sportsmen, struggling without animosity for the pleasure of the contest, and feeling a pride, each in the pluck and prowess of the other.

School life began for Theodore at six, when he was enrolled in the Perkins School. He was a leader among the boys, with several of whom he formed lasting friendships.

The artificial social distinctions which in after years so often destroy such comradeship seemed to have no effect on Theodore. He was a public school boy, coming from a home where there was no suggestion of snobbishness, and he formed and maintained friendships upon the broad basis of congenial tastes and personal character. Even in boarding-school and col-



lege days, he did not forget or ignore these old schoolmates and playfellows.

A characteristic story is told of Theodore's impulsive eagerness to give pleasure to his friends. A small maiden who lived near Oak Place often came to play with the boys. Theodore treated her with the gallantry of a six-year-old beau. One day, as they were wandering through the conservatory, Belle admired the beautiful red roses. Theodore straightway bid her hold her apron, which he heaped high with all the roses he could lay hands upon, every one plucked close to the flower.

At this age the imagery of Bible stories was a frequent medium of expression with the little boys. They instinctively interpreted life in Biblical phraseology and forms of thought. "John," said Theodore, as they watched the fruitless attempts of a brakeman to light the oil lamps of a railway car, "those lamps must belong to the foolish virgins." On another occasion, Theodore wrote to his mother that he had lost his rubbers, but mindful of the injunction, "Seek and ye shall find," he had continued his search



diligently until he hit upon the missing articles. "I knew the Bible told the truth," was his comment.

In winter, the hills of Oak Place and vicinity afforded capital coasting. "Bobs" or "double-runners" were built at the shops under the direction of the young inventors. Parties of friends made merry on these swift craft, guided safely for the most part around curves, over bridges, across railway tracks and through thoroughfares. It took no little clearness of head and steadiness of hand to do such piloting without disaster.

Snow forts and battles were Theodore's hobby. He was an excellent organizer of attack and defense. He threw hard and straight, and faced the enemy's fire with unflinching pluck. Even when warfare was waged in the autumn with crab apples for ammunition, he did not wince. Many of the other boys recoiled from the stinging blows, but "Thede" Miller stood his ground or charged the foe undaunted.

The mechanical interests of the boys took a rather striking form in the organization of a fire-department in a room of the conservatory. They braced their bicycles in such a way that they could sit in the saddles and await an alarm. At the ringing of a bell, John or Theodore pulled a cord which released the double-doors.

As these swung open, out dashed the eager firemen to the scene of the conflagration. This play became more and more realistic until the boys owned a steam pumping engine with which they put out blazing barrels and small huts hastily built to serve the purpose of the young



MILLER COTTAGE AT CHAUTAUQUA

incendiaries. Theodore's ecstatic delight over these exciting runs and contests with the fires is remembered vividly by all his playfellows.

The summers at Chautauqua opened a wide field to the boys. They scampered along the narrow decks of the Miller yacht,—the *Olivia*—

and seemed always on the point of tumbling overboard; they organized exploring parties; they attended the classes for little people; they built boats, and one summer, with a group of boys, they made a playhouse in the form of a passenger car, large enough to hold a dozen little folk. Here, too, many childish acquaintances were formed which year by year, grew into strong and permanent friendships.

In all these associations Theodore's winning qualities made him a much sought, eagerly welcomed companion. He was ever bubbling with mirth, responsive, and sympathetic, always ready to lend a hand, to smooth over difficulties, to take the part of the slighted or the neglected. As a boy, Theodore Miller displayed all the elements of that strong, wholesome, large-hearted personality which was one day to be his.

CHAPTER II

IT WAS just before the beginning of their high school life that John and Theodore became the editors, publishers, and printers of a tiny periodical, *The Jumbo*, issued monthly—for a time weekly—from Oak Place. On a small hand press, set up at first in the sitting-room, the young journalists laboriously turned out the little paper. They took on the important airs of reporters and editors, and asserted their dignity beneath a copious anointment of printer's ink. When the edition had been run off, the members of the firm quickly transformed themselves into distributors, hastening to the post office with copies addressed to patrons in the United States and foreign countries, and leaving the papers of local subscribers at their several doors.

Early in the career of *The Jumbo*, some genius at "the shop" invented a newspaper delivery cart, a two-wheeled affair with a foot-board in the rear and a box for papers in front. The vehicle suggested in a general way a Roman chariot for light pleasure driving. The en-

terprising newspaper proprietors at once insisted that the rapid increase in the circulation of *The Jumbo* made one of these carts an absolute necessity. The later numbers of the journal were consequently distributed with a rapidity that made greater contemporaries envious. All Akron looked on with keen interest as one of the nimble horses of Oak Place dashed through the streets, drawing a brilliant red cart, on the swaying foot-board of which two bright-eyed lads stood in happy triumph.

The contents of *The Jumbo* were largely of a personal nature, although general news was by no means neglected. The literary style and typesetting were not always entirely conventional. Here are a few lines reproduced from one of the numbers:—

LOCAL NOTES

Mr. Lewis Miller is intending to start for Europe the 10th. of this month.

Bisboq Foster was visiting Mr. Edison's last Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. Lewis and Ira Miller spent a very injorable evening at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Wisc.

Mr. Duncan Saracds mayed a short visite at Lewis Miller Wednes.

One issue,—that for April, 1888,—is famous in the family for its typographical eccentricities. The large number of personal items concerning various branches of the Miller family soon exhausted the capital Ms of the regular body type, so that the font of heavy-faced job



THE SITTING ROOM, OAK PLACE

type had to be drawn upon. The general effect of the pages can easily be imagined. But the result was not disastrous. It simply gave the publishers good ground for demanding a better equipment, which was promptly furnished. A large foot-press with an excellent assortment

of type was set up in the attic, and Miller Brothers announced that they were prepared to do "all kinds of job printing at reasonable prices."

The organization of the firm was alleged by the family to be a dark secret. It was openly charged that Mrs. Miller was a silent partner in the business, and its apparent prosperity was attributed to the lavish use by the noisy partners of the immense sums innocently invested by the unsuspecting victim who paid the bills without sharing the profits. Or again, it was asserted that the silent partner was fully aware of the situation, and was shamelessly diverting the family funds to the uses of the firm.

Be this as it may, Miller Brothers pushed their operations steadily. Finally they made a contract with the Chautauqua Assembly to print daily bulletins of public exercises, and to post them on forty boards scattered through the summer town. The press, type, and cart were shipped to Chautauqua, and the contract was faithfully and efficiently carried out for three seasons. The job work which also fell into the hands of the young printers gave them a handsome profit.

It would be invidious to compare the shares which the boys took in this little enterprise. Never were two companions more complemen-

tary. Theodore was ever full of plans, bubbling over with energy and enthusiasm. John shared in the joy of invention and worked steadily to carry out their many schemes.



The Jumbo.

VOL. 2 Dec. 24, 1853. No. 12.

MILLER BROTHERS. AKRON, OHIO.

We regret to announce, but we suppose you are glad to hear that this is the last paper we will publish. We thank the subscribers of this paper for their attention paid to it, we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—Editor.

The following are the names of the persons who will spend their Christmas at Oak Place.

- Mr. & Mrs. Edison and family,
- Mr. & Mrs. Jacob Miller and Miss Izzy Taylor
- Mr. & Mrs. Wise and daughter Hattie.
- Mr. & Mrs. Tom Miller and daughter Margaret.
- Mr. & Mrs. Robert Miller.

The Misses Mary and Grace Miller will spend their Christmas in Paris.

Miss Angel of this city left Friday for Marion, O., where she will spend her Christmas with Miss Laura Hardy.

Miss Jennie Miller and the Editors and Publishers of this paper spent Saturday in Cleveland.

Dr. Marsh, President of Mount Union College, preached in the First M. E. Church of this city yesterday.

Mr. & Mrs. B. T. Vincent and son Harry will spend their Christmas with Bishop Vincent in Buffalo, N. Y.

The Jumbo served its educative purpose and was gradually superseded by other interests until publication ceased the day before Christ-

mas, 1888. Mr. Edison, who, by his marriage with Mina in 1886, had become a member of the family, delighted the boys by the gift of a small dynamo. Forthwith, they became electricians, and plunged into the mysteries of wiring, alternating and direct currents, and the like. They wired several rooms in Oak Place and ingeniously filled one of the trees near the house with a fruitage of colored incandescent bulbs. It was a keen pleasure to note Theodore's ecstatic joy as he turned on the current, flooding the rooms with radiance, or suddenly bringing forth from the darkness the luminous tree upon the lawn.

It was Mr. Edison's kindness again which made the lads owners of a phonograph. In a few weeks they were giving exhibitions in the Sunday School in Akron, in adjoining towns, and the following summer at Chautauqua. Theodore was the lecturer. He gave a clear, straightforward description of the mechanism, while John at appropriate times offered illustrations with the phonograph.

The winter of 1891 was made famous in the family annals by a farce, "Bamboozle," in which Theodore took a leading rôle with great spirit. Several jolly weeks were given up to rehearsals, and to the preparation of a stage. Here the training in electric engineering stood the boys in good stead. Footlights and border lights

were skillfully put in place while the phonograph served admirably as an orchestra.¹

At an early age Theodore showed for music a fondness which grew steadily throughout his life. As a boy of twelve he began to play the violin. His skill was soon sufficient to gain him a place in the orchestra of the Sunday School, and later, in the High School he organized a string quartet and an orchestra. A fine voice also gave him a wide range of musical expression. He took delight in singing for his friends, and was a leader of song in all the pleasure parties which he was constantly helping to arrange. One camping party at Chautauqua composed a song under Theodore's leadership, and every visitor was treated to an overwhelming rendition of the ode.

Outdoor life, "roughing it," sports of emulation and rivalry, appealed more and more to Theodore as he advanced from boyhood into youth. His splendid body developed in response to these demands, while his virile spirit did not exclude the virtues of sympathy and tenderness. He was in every sense what our

¹The programme announces "The Bamboozle Theatrical Company" for Friday evening Feb. 20, 1891. The company included: Ruth Seiberling, Belle Armstrong, May Hardy, Claire App, John Miller, Walter Marshall, Theodore Miller and Ion Jackson.

English cousins in their restrained speech call "a fine lad."

In school life "Thede" Miller made his personality tell. He shared eagerly in all the activities of his mates. At one time he was the Damrosch of the school; at another, as attorney



THE LIBRARY, OAK PLACE

for the defense in a mock trial, he plead to such good purpose that the jury promptly gave him his case. He was president of the Debating Society for a time, and finally graduated with credit at sixteen, the youngest member of his class. His speech on Julius Cæsar displayed

the enthusiasm of youth for certain qualities which critical historical scholarship denies to the conqueror of Gaul, but which belong to the idealized personality of the great Roman hero. The young orator paid tribute with genuine fire to the ideals which seemed to him so worthy of praise and emulation, to the mastery and leadership of men in great enterprises, against seemingly hopeless odds.

In the autumn following graduation from the high school, John and Theodore entered St. Paul's school, Concord, N. H., to complete their preparation for Yale. This plan, urged strenuously by their sister Jane, not only gave them a better equipment for their undergraduate studies, but also insured for them a group of friends from the very outset of their New Haven life.

The young Millers quickly found places in the social system of St. Paul's. In this they were aided by the good offices of their friend "Dade" Goodrich, who had preceded them. Theodore's athletic



skill won him a position on the foot-ball eleven, and later a seat in the first school boat. In the gymnasium games the first prize in rope-climbing fell to him. His fine voice was soon heard in the chapel choir, of which John also was a member. The charm of his personality attracted a group of his school-mates, who frequented his room, passing many a jolly hour in song and story, and in doing justice to the generous boxes which arrived periodically from Oak Place. The boys' well-merited popularity gained for them later on admission to the chief school society ('ΟΡΑΠΙΣΤΟΙ).

Theodore's first school letter written to his mother is full of good spirits. "You probably know," he says, "that we are in the choir, but it tickles me so that I can't help mentioning it [in] every letter I write." Again, of the school discipline he writes: "The masters are quite strict in the 'study,' and all over in fact, but I think it is nice to have some system about the school." His method of dealing with homesickness was wholesome: "I have often had the thought of home in my mind, and a wish to be there with you all, but I have warded it off so that it would not result in homesickness." Of the church service he says: "Do not be surprised if we ask to go to the Episcopal Church at home, for we will be so used to the services

that we will be lost without them." Then, in a burst of loyalty, he adds: "But don't think that we forget the dear old Methodist Church, for I am sure it goes ahead of the Episcopal."

Theodore entered into the life of the school with great enthusiasm, and extended the area of his friendships rapidly. From the casual remark of a rowing coach that Theodore in his first efforts with the oar was "tough," the younger Miller forthwith received the nickname of "Toughy," one of those sobriquets in which school boys delight chiefly because of their grotesque inappropriateness. This name was carried from St. Paul's to Yale, where it shared service with "Thede" and "T."

During the two years at St. Paul's, Theodore maintained in a manly way his loyalty to the religious ideals of his earlier years. His service in the choir was not rendered in a merely perfunctory spirit. He was also a zealous member of the school missionary society. With Theodore, religion was not an external, inorganic thing, but a genuine element of his wholesome, energetic, buoyant personality. All the dearest, most sacred images of home were associated with religious ideas, which he cherished in a simple, unquestioning way, as an essential part of his life.

The larger interests of the big school did not weaken the strong ties which had so long

united John and Theodore. They were as devoted to each other as ever, and shared work, amusements, and friends in the same way as before. Theodore's affection for John was em-



BOYS' ROOM AT ST. PAUL'S

phasized in one episode which a schoolmate has described.

"One day, while we were going to Long Pond in a large bus which held about twenty-four fellows and was drawn by four horses, it commenced to rain. The driver let the horses out and drove them at full gallop. We were tearing down hill along a narrow road with the hill on one side and a precipice on the other, when a woman driving a cart came in sight around a bend at the bottom of the hill. There was barely room for the

wagons to pass, and our driver, unable to check the speed of the horses, attempted to pass the woman's wagon. One of the rear wheels of our 'bus slipped over the bank, and over we went,—boys, wagon, and horses. The first thing I saw, on regaining my senses, was 'T' scrambling as fast as he could up the bank and looking for John, whom he found caught between a tree and the overturned 'bus. 'O, Brother,' are you hurt?' cried 'T' excitedly, tugging and pulling at the great, heavy 'bus with all his might, but with little or no effect until he was assisted by the crowd of boys. I don't recollect what John's reply was, but 'T's' vigorous endeavors to free his brother, and his expression of relief and delight at finding his brother unharmed were things not soon to be forgotten."²

The summer of 1893 afforded Theodore a delightful experience in a yachting trip up the Sound to Marblehead and back. As the guest of a school friend he made this first voyage, proving himself a capital sailor and a jolly companion. Theodore often spoke of this cruise as one of the brightest spots in his singularly unshadowed life.

At Chautauqua, where he spent a part of each summer, Theodore maintained the pleasant friendships of the earlier years and became more and more prominent in the merry life of the young people. Whether he organized picnics or sailing parties, or bicycle runs, or rowed

¹ From this incident John gained the nickname of "brother."

² From a letter of Mr. James H. Simpson to Mr. Lewis Miller, Sept. 12, 1898.

in the heavy old barges bought from the Yale navy, or played tennis, he was full of high spirits, a leader of song, a doer of "stunts," a plotter of playfulness. Yet, withal, he was thoughtful and sympathetic, with a careful eye for the neglected and a cheering "jolly" for the dismal.

In June 1893, the St. Paul's days ended. Two happy years of healthy, expanding life had been added to Theodore's career. He carried with him higher ideals, and left behind a school tradition richer because of his part in it.

CHAPTER III

IN THE autumn of 1893 Theodore and John began their life at Yale. It is easy to imagine with what enthusiasm they entered upon this fascinating career. They had spent the summer along the Sound and at Chautauqua, and had known the freshman joys of being "Yale men." At last they were to penetrate the academic mysteries. Of course Theodore was an active participant in the rush between sophomores and freshmen, on the eve of the opening day. In the organized wrestling he threw his man, and thus made his first contribution to the honor of '97.

Thanks to the two years at St. Paul's, "T" and John had a group of friends among their classmates, and were spared the early days of loneliness and isolation which are often the lot of men coming from small schools or private tutors.

Theodore's ambition was to secure a Y, the proud symbol by which Yale stimulates her athletes to excel on diamond, gridiron, track,



and water. The call for hecatombs of freshmen to serve as victims for the 'Varsity eleven, and, incidentally, to form a class team, met with ready response from "T." In the "barge" and on the field he soon made many friends. His plucky, intelligent play quickly insured him a position on his class team, with



DURFEE HALL AND BATTLE CHAPEL, YALE CAMPUS

which he entered all the important matches of the year.

Theodore was naïve and joyous, but not "fresh" in the peculiar academic sense. He needed no discipline to destroy the individualism of self-conceit, and to substitute for it that sense of subordination and social solidarity which is a part of the Yale philosophy of

undergraduate training. He, therefore, escaped all forms of hazing, and was passed over by the sophomores as a freshman of the right type. This immunity may have been due in some slight measure to the fact that he and John roomed in the midst of a St. Paul's colony, for preparatory school ties are strong, even between first and second year men.

But though Theodore was an exemplary freshman, he was in no sense cowed into a humiliating subordination to upper classmen. In a dispute over a race between the freshmen and juniors, "T" Miller, righteously indignant over what he regarded as an intentional foul, boldly charged the captain of the junior crew with unfair tactics. When that haughty person asked him to "say it again if he dared," the audacious freshman clearly repeated his charge, and prepared to stand by it. Any serious encounter was averted, but young Miller was heartily applauded for his pluck. Only a Yale man can fully realize the significance of an incident like this.

Early in the winter Theodore became a candidate for the freshman crew, cheerfully giving up the pleasures which training denied to him, and accepting like a true athlete the prescribed conditions. He had no difficulty in securing a place in his class-boat, and trained with the crew steadily through the spring. In

June the '97 men were taken to New London for the final practice pulls, in preparation for the annual race with the Harvard and Columbia freshmen. The life at Gale's Ferry was vastly



YALE QUARTERS, GALE'S FERRY

enjoyed by Theodore, who had already won marked popularity with his fellows. An incident of this New London trip, as described by one of the crew, gives a characteristic and entertaining picture of Theodore:—

“We went down to New London on the freshman crew in the spring of '94. We took up quarters at a farmhouse at Gale's Ferry. We had had several of our examinations at New Haven and were to take those remaining, one of them being in Greek, at Gale's Ferry. We were so entranced by the life at the Ferry that our preparation for the Greek examination suffered severely; and two nights before that “exam.” none of us had reviewed our Plato. The majority of us wanted to let Plato alone, and all flunk together,—we called ourselves

the 'Anti-Greek Leaguers.' But 'T' and one or two others wanted to review their Plato and started up a somewhat less powerful, but equally enthusiastic, band of 'Greek Leaguers,' who bound themselves to finish Plato's *Apology* before the "exam." The 'Anti-Greek Leaguers' being the more numerous were the more powerful and would not allow the 'Greek Leaguers' to light their lamp in or near the farmhouse, because of the myriad mosquitoes and insects which the light attracted. And so 'T' took a table and a lamp, and placing them on a little knoll at a distance from the house, started on his review of Plato. It seems to me as though I can see 'T' now, sitting on that knoll in the dim lamp light, with his elbows on the table, and his head resting on his hands, 'plugging' away at his Greek, while a swarm of insects buzzed around his head. One or two of his band joined him; but, unable to stand the mosquitoes, studied little and soon deserted to the ranks of the 'Anti-Greeks.' 'T,' however, worked all that evening and the next, and when we went into examination was the only one who had reviewed the Greek, and was one of the few to pass the examination successfully.¹

Theodore's delight over the victory which the Yale freshmen won from the Harvard and Columbia crews was unbounded. He arrived at Chautauqua an enthusiastic boating man, and soon had several crews rowing in the old six-oared barges which had been bought from the Yale navy. "T's" clear voice could be heard at almost any hour, echoing over the lake, as he coached his crews of young men and

¹ From a letter of J. H. Simpson, Sept. 12, 1898.

young women. His enthusiasm was contagious. Rivalry was aroused. Regattas were organized; and spirited races attracted large crowds. The success of this summer's work led Theodore to start a subscription for two new four-oared barges. He met with a ready response, and by the next season the boats were built and in service.¹



THEODORE COACHING A CHAUTAUQUA CREW

The routine of study and athletics absorbed much of Theodore's time in his first year, but his winning personality, his irrepressible good spirits, and his genuineness made him many firm friends and pleasant acquaintances.

At the outset of his Yale life, Theodore left no doubt as to his attitude in religious matters. He became interested at once in the work of

¹ In recognition of Theodore Miller's contribution to boating on Chautauqua Lake, a handsome trophy, known as "The Theodore Miller Cup" has been purchased for the annual race between the Chautauqua and Chadakoin crews.

Dwight Hall—the Yale Y. M. C. A.—and throughout his course was known and respected as a Christian man. He led prayer-meetings in his turn. One of his brief, simple, straightforward addresses is preserved in his college “memorabil book.” The topic is love. To those who knew Theodore these rather conventional phrases breathe a spirit of sincerity and conviction. They are no mere perfunctory sentences:—

“How many chances we have in college to help fellows nearer Christ! God says: ‘Love thy neighbor as thyself.’ I wonder how many of us ever think of our associates as our neighbors. A kind word spoken to a fellow may change his life.”

The way in which many of his classmates have spoken of Theodore’s religious nature, bears witness to its genuineness and its virility. His Christianity, as has been said before, was an organic part of a many-sided, active, joyous, wholesome life. “Toughy” Miller was not a weakling or a sentimentalist. He was of a type which commands the honest admiration and respect of all clean-minded college men, whatever the form of their religious convictions. We get this glimpse of him through the eyes of a classmate:—

“The moral side of ‘T’s’ nature always seemed to me like a big, clean, strong, granite rock which has with-

stood the storms. The rains couldn't wash it away, the sun couldn't melt it, and nothing could mar its clean purity. When another man lives the same life as you do, meets the same temptations, has the same troubles and worries and joys and happinesses, and goes through it all with the manly, clean, buoyant spirit and eagerness that he did, the tendency to follow after is hard to resist."¹

College life from the outset gave Theodore abundant opportunity to gratify his love for music. He soon became a member of the college choir. He also joined with great delight in the choruses of his classmates, and was devoted to the old Yale songs. Later in his course he became a member of the second glee club, and sang with this organization in New Haven and vicinity. His letters contain frequent allusions to rehearsals and to the pleasure they gave him. In March, 1895, he writes: "The Glee Club is prospering, and we do have bully times singing. There are about twenty men in it, and we 'hit up' the old Yale songs so that it will [would] 'make your hair curl.' " He was also concerned in the organization of a small orchestra, which rehearsed in the rooms of the various members. It seems to have been a means of personal culture and companionship, rather than an organization for public performance. Then, there was the sing-

¹ From a letter of William Darrach, Oct. 6, 1898.

ing in the men's rooms, and the making of extemporaneous songs or "swipes." Singing at



the fence is also frequently mentioned in Theodore's letters. He seems to have been an acknowledged leader of informal, social singing among his fellows. "Whenever there was a song," writes a classmate, "'T' was our mainstay. His deep bass voice always carried the song to a successful end."¹ At Chautauqua in the summer vacation, now and then, the silence of the night would be broken by a serenade, in which Theodore's voice was clearly distinguishable.

Thus, in his first year at Yale, "T" Miller entered upon all of the many activities which,

¹From a letter of J. H. Simpson, Sept. 12, 1898.

in their further development, went to make up his college life. He began as a man with many sympathies and interests, and maintained this attitude to the end of his course.

In athletics he was indefatigable and persistent, although he never gained first rank in any branch of sport. He rendered faithful and efficient service in his class crew, was a substitute on the 'Varsity eight, coached football teams and crews for the lower classes, and was regarded by the athletic authorities as a valuable man. "As captain of the Yale crew in my senior year," writes one of his classmates, "I often needed advice, and 'T' was one of my chief supports, cheering me up when I became despondent and discouraged."¹

In junior year the '97 crew, as is so likely to be the case later in the course, had surrendered to the 'Varsity some of its best men, and had lost a large measure of the *esprit de corps* and enthusiasm so vitally necessary to success in athletics. The problem of reorganizing and revivifying the class crew confronted the boating authorities of '97. With unanimity they turned to "T" Miller as the man for the emergency. He undertook the task, and entered upon the work with his customary spirit and energy.

¹ From a letter of Philip Horton Bailey, Oct. 8, 1898.

His relation to the crew is thus described by a classmate:—

“ But one man kept us at our work, cheering us when we did well, scolding us when we needed it, and, always earnest and determined himself, [he] soon communicated his spirit to the rest of us. Under such conditions the crew quickly gained new life and courage.”¹

The class race is thus described by one of the eight:—

“ The race is a close one at first, but gradually our shell begins to creep ahead of the other. ‘Now give her another ten, all together!’ yelled our Captain, and the cry was taken up by the coxswain, and counted off with regular emphasis. The cries of our classmates reach our ears, encouraging us to harder efforts. ‘Go it, ‘97!’ The increased shouts tell us we are near the bridge, and as we pass under it, and are glad enough to lie on our oars and pant for breath at the cry of ‘avast,’ we see that we are five lengths ahead and the Spring Regatta is ours. The credit went to the crew, but we knew that most of it belonged to our Captain, who had made victory possible.”²

The great disappointment of Theodore’s athletic career was his failure to gain a seat in the University eight that was to row at New London and at Henley. He did so well in his struggle for the position that the coaches hesitated long before deciding his fate. For a few

¹ From a letter of James R. Judd, October, 1898.

² *Ibid.*

days he was given the stroke oar. His excitement may easily be imagined. For some reason, however, he did not hold the coveted place. He accepted the result in a truly sportsmanlike spirit. His comment on the incident in a letter to his father is thoroughly characteristic:—

"I suppose you have heard through mother's letters that the crew don't seem to want me as stroke any more. Well, I was not so very much disappointed over it, because I hardly hoped to make the place at any time while I was stroking. I have the pleasure now of thinking about the time I was stroking and that is better than not to have stroked at all."¹



The mere enumeration of the college societies of which "T" was a member serves to

¹ From a letter of Theodore to his father, April 8, 1895.

reflect something of his position in his class and in the University. He was among the organizers of a new sophomore society,—*Kappa Psi*; he was one of the first fifteen to be chosen for the junior fraternity of *Delta Kappa Epsilon*, and in senior year he won the distinction of membership in the *Wolf's Head* society.

With the passing of the years and the increasing multiplicity of interests, Theodore showed no apathy towards religious work. He joined a group of classmates, banded together to exert influence in quiet, unobtrusive ways upon their fellows. These men met in each others' rooms for conference and prayer. A member of this little company says of Theodore:—

“There was nothing weak or sentimental about his Christianity. It was rugged and hearty like everything else about him. . . . ‘T’ Miller on his knees before his God was the same whole-hearted and sturdy man all his classmates knew. He prayed in the most straightforward way for just what he felt he needed, and more than the rest of us, I think, he consistently tried to do what he prayed to accomplish.”¹

In his sophomore year Theodore took a class in the Bethany Mission Sunday School, an institution maintained by the Christian men of the University. In his senior year he was chosen as superintendent. He undertook this

¹ From a letter of Henry Sloane Coffin, Sept. 20, 1898.

work with the same infectious enthusiasm which he showed in everything he did. One of his colleagues gives this picture:—

“There is one phase of his college career that I should like to mention. . . . That is his work at the Bethany Mission School. Of all the beautiful remembrances I have of him, I think the most beautiful and the one which I think of oftenest, is that of Theodore standing up there on the platform of the Little Mission and talking in his sympathetic and simple way to those little children. And then, perhaps, his coming down and going over to some little child and putting his arm on his shoulder and talking to him by himself, to cheer him up when he was troubled over something, and seeing the smile come back to the child’s face again.

“And at Christmas time with his messages and telegrams from Santa Claus to them, he was the wonder and the admiration of them all.”¹

Another mentions the same incident:—

“In our senior year he was superintendent of the Bethany Sunday School, and he seemed to be in his element among children. I cannot forget a Christmas festival at which he presided. One could not tell who was the more pleased, the children all excited and eager to receive their gifts, or ‘T,’ who beamed on everyone, and whose face was radiant with good feeling.”²

The influence which Theodore exerted on his classmates is mentioned feelingly by many of

¹ From a letter of Clarence M. Fincke, Oct. 5, 1898.

² From letter of H. S. Coffin, Sept. 20, 1898.

them in their letters and reminiscences. Here is a typical paragraph:—

“But perhaps I drew nearer to ‘T’ in the quiet heart-to-heart talks we used to have after the class prayer-meetings in Dwight Hall, or as we returned from Bethany Mission Sunday School. I could not talk with many men as I did with him. He never misunderstood me, and contact with his large heart and strong religious character soothed many troubled times, and left me a better man”¹

Absence from home and contact with an absorbing life, seemed to have effected no change in Theodore's attitude towards and John continued inseparable. While Theodics gave him a different circle of their intimate the same. “Of course no one can ever think of ‘T’ without having John in the same thought,” writes a friend. “They were scarcely ever apart, and the brotherly relation between the two seemed ideal, and we, in the class of '97, will always have them in mind together, more like one than two separate individuals.”²



affectionate attachment to his family. He continued to be roommates. Theodore's athletic somewhat different acquaintances, friends were

course no one

¹From a letter of Albert F. Judd, Jr.

²From a letter of H. S. Coffin, Sept. 20, 1898.

Theodore and John maintained a frequent and full correspondence with father and mother, brothers and sisters. Theodore's letters are the naïve, unaffected expression of his character. They abound in bits of fun, in guileless hints as to the importance of sending boxes of good things from Akron, in undisguised appeals for needed funds, and in bits of affectionate sentiment. In all this correspondence there is not the least suggestion of the dutiful son writing an impressive letter to his solicitous parents. Everything in which he takes an interest is frankly and fully described. He has nothing to conceal, and he writes with a running pen whatever wells up into his pure and happy heart. There is much talk of athletics, of his hopes and fears and disappointments, but never a bitter word or cynical sentence is to be found in all the pages. He looks upon life as affording boundless opportunities for happiness, and he turns everything to some account in filling up his cup of joy. He speaks of his friends enthusiastically, of their loyalty and kindness, and of the pleasure which he takes in their companionship.

There are more intimate passages, full of solicitude for father and mother, with now and then a bit of filial advice about caring for their health, and exhortations not to worry about John and him.

He is just back from his first Christmas vacation, and writes:—

“Here we are again *all alone* with twenty-five hundred fellows. But the fellows can by no means take the place of you people at home. You cannot imagine how I would love to be at home now, and how much I dreaded leaving.”¹

In urging members of the family to attend commencement Theodore ends a letter with this playful summons:—

“This is your last chance, and positively the last appearance of the *Miller Bros.* in their famous melodrama ‘College Life at Yale.’ Come early and avoid the ‘rush.’”²

It was in the informal daily contact with his fellows that Theodore took his chief delight. He and John were members of a congenial group who spent many a jolly hour in singing and story-telling before the blazing logs, in sailboats upon the harbor, in tramps to neighboring villages, and in trips with the athletic teams. In junior and senior years the First Entry of White Hall was the habitat



THEODORE'S CHUM

¹ From a letter of Theodore to his mother, Jan. 8, 1894.

² From a letter to Mary, May or June, 1897.

of this good company. Theodore was never happier than during those winter evenings with his friends, sitting before the fire, leading the singing, shouting impromptu verses, and, perhaps, as a grand finale, provoking one of those safety valves of youthful spirits known as a "rough house." A member of this band describes an evening which ended in this fashion:—

"As I think over such times I remember well a certain evening. The White Hall crowd, which was accustomed, during the winter term of our senior year, to loaf together one evening each week, was collected in Darrach's room. Before the party broke up a 'rough house' was started, and in this as in other things 'Toughy' wasn't very far from the front and wasn't the quietest man either. In the course of time a feather pillow was broken open and its contents distributed generously over the room and the men. Theodore, of course, enjoyed this as much as any one, and was right willing to do his share in the work necessitated by the accident. He was a man who was always welcome, no matter what was going on, and one who could sympathize with and advise as well as rejoice with his fellow men."¹

The part which Theodore took in this little social colony has been admirably described by an appreciative classmate:—

"He took great pleasure in being able to give you something, and if a box arrived from home, he and John

¹ From a letter of Eben Hill, Jr., Sept. 30, 1898.

kept open house for their friends. When you heard his voice below your window, there was good feeling in his very call, and when he came into the room he seemed to bring the fresh air in with him. He was himself so genial and whole-hearted that nearly everything appeared to please him, and he took keen delight in what seemed very commonplace to many of his classmates. I never knew a man who got so much solid enjoyment out of life. He hated to miss anything that was going on, and he could throw himself into whatever happened to be doing, apparently forgetful of everything else."¹



Theodore's acquaintances and friendships extended far beyond the limits of this inner circle. He was a prominent figure in class undertakings. In sophomore year, on Washington's birthday, he was in the very van of his classmates, as they marched proudly for the first time, with their silk hats and "bangers," about the campus and along the streets.

He was also in the great snow battle, which has been passed on in Yale annals as one of the famous contests of the decade. The sophomores were posing on the fence for a photograph, when the freshmen, set on by the upper classmen, made an attack upon their traditional

¹ From a letter of H. S. Coffin, Sept. 20, '98.

foes. The sophomores retaliated fiercely. Somehow, Theodore, a junior, found himself the leader of the attacking party. He showed great skill and pluck, and won high praise on all sides for his generalship and grit. His own description of the battle reflects his joy in activity and rivalry:—

“We had a great game here on Washington’s birthday. The sophomores tried to have their picture taken on the fence, and the freshmen, backed by the upper classmen, snowballed them, and broke up the group. Then a regular snowfight began. Before I knew it I was heading the opposition party. I felt like a regular general, and harangued the men before we made a charge, and yelled to them when we were attacked. The fight lasted about half an hour, but it seemed several [hours]. We ended about even as to ground gained, but I came out of it with a black eye and face all scratched up, from balls hitting me. My lip was cut and my thumb pretty well skinned. It was the best game we ever had here yet. And an old ninety-six man said it was the best snow fight he had ever seen.”¹

At Chautauqua each year a Fresh Air Fund entertainment is given by the young people. In these circuses and vaudeville shows, Theodore was one of the star performers. He made a stunning young woman for the street processions, and sang solos in a voice which ranged from falsetto to deep bass. His last triumph was the impersonation of a popular *prima*

¹ From a letter of May 7, 1897.

donna, who was singing in the Chautauqua concerts. His imitation of this soloist's mannerisms and gestures was greeted with tumultuous applause and shouts of laughter. He was dressed most effectively for the part, and made a strikingly handsome picture. The boyish glee with which he entered into these entertainments, and all the other forms of recreation, increased his popularity from year to year.

From the many anecdotes which illustrate different phases of Theodore's character, a few typical incidents may be chosen.

One of his classmates, after a hard winter's work as a candidate for the crew, was finally told that he would not be needed even as a substitute. Theodore, who had been chosen, felt keenly this disappointment of his friend. The latter thus describes an incident which grew out of the situation:—

"A very discouraged and disappointed sophomore sat in his room that morning, trying to console himself with his pipe, which, at least, was denied to the others.



THEODORE AND FRANK WADE

There was a brisk knock at the door, and a 'come in' preceded a cheery voice. No sign of pleasure at gaining the cherished Y was visible, but only sorrow at his friend's disappointment. 'Poor Bill,' he said, 'I'm awfully sorry you were dropped this morning. It makes me feel as if I didn't deserve the honor; cheer up, old man, you've got a bully show for the crew next year.'¹

Theodore's unconsciousness of self and disregard of mere conventionalities were interesting traits. He did whatever was at hand in a straightforward fashion, with little thought



THEODORE AS A LADY ON THE REAR SEAT

of criticism and ridicule. One day at Chautauqua he set out on an excursion with a party of young people. They were to go on their bicycles to a fashionable resort, and thence return

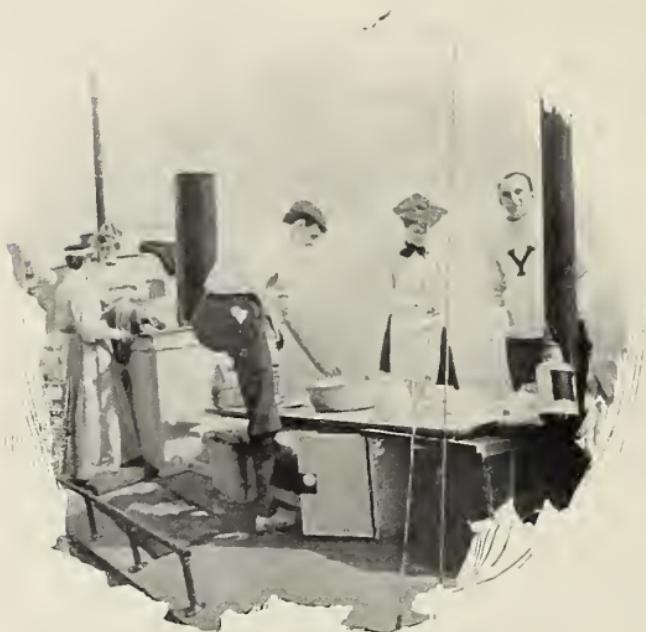
¹From a letter of William Darrach, Oct. 6, 1898.

by boat. By some mishap at the beginning of the trip, Theodore fell into the water. Without any thought of the consequences, he promptly mounted his wheel and rode a dozen miles over a dusty road. His duck trousers, after this treatment, caused a buzz of comment and many a smile, as he promenaded a crowded pier; but he seemed entirely unconcerned, and laughed good-naturedly at his plight. He was fond of fun, even at his own expense.

He never ceased to laugh uproariously over an experience with three friends in sailing a yacht from the lower part of Chautauqua lake to a point at the upper end. There was a strong headwind, and the yachtmen beat back and forth in an apparently vain attempt to make headway against it. Darkness came on, and still it seemed impossible to pass certain points on either shore. After three hours of such beating, Theodore discovered that the anchor was overboard and full of weeds. He laughed heartily at the time, although the others were no longer able to see any fun in the situation, and he continued his cheerful chuckling after the wind had gone down, the boat had been anchored, and the crew were tramping homeward a weary five miles along the turnpike, in the early morning hours.

One of the happiest summers of Theodore's life was that he spent in England and France,

the vacation of his junior year. He had failed to go to Henley as a member of the crew, but,



CAMPING ON A CHAUTAUQUA HOUSEBOAT

determined to see the race, he obtained a position as correspondent for the United Press, and sailed for England on the same ship with the crew. At Henley he had quarters near the Yale men, and shared in all the courtesies which were shown the visiting boatmen. He and three other Yale "heelers" challenged a Henley crew to a race. The Americans won, and Theodore was wont to say with great satis-

faction that, even if he did not make the University crew, he at least rowed in the only Yale boat that ever won at Henley.

Theodore's description of Henley is well worth preservation:—

HENLEY

“To one who has seen the Henley Regattas and especially to one who has lived there three weeks, this simple title brings back a flood of recollections that would make a good-sized book, but as this is to be only an essay I cannot go into details too far.

“The Henley Regattas and town itself have been so well described and elaborated upon by those who have visited it, and so much better than I can picture it with pen, that I will omit that part of description in general and confine myself to Yale's place there.

“The Yale crew arrived by special train from Southampton after a remarkably smooth and comfortable voyage, which was made very enjoyable by the jovial spirits of the men. They were free from those restraints which so characterized the voyage of the Cornell crew a year ago, and Mr. Cook allowed the men perfect freedom to do as they pleased except at the exercises. The work was not so burdensome that it interfered with their pleasure, but the regular hours and exercise made them feel much better than they would have felt if they had not exercised.

“They were in perfect condition when they arrived at Henley where they were met by the mayor and Secretary Cooper of the Regatta committee. After a short speech of welcome and the necessary reply of Captain Treadway, the crew carried their boats, which had been placed on the special train, a short distance to the river, and they were floated across the river to the boathouse.

"The mayor showed the men to their quarters, and lunched with them. He at once became very friendly, and made himself almost indispensable with his counsel and advice.

"The Yale men occupied one of the prettiest places at Henley, and with one exception, New College, the most elegant quarters of all the crews at the Regatta. The place called 'Marsh Mills,' is a private residence, now for sale, rented by the Yale management for the crew during their stay at Henley. It is situated about half a mile from Henley Bridge. This structure is the landmark for the surrounding country, and connects the main street of Henley with the side of the river on which are the Yale quarters and the boathouse. It adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the river at this point, and from it one can get a splendid view of the course.

"In their temporary home, which one would have made permanent, the crew was most luxuriously established. The place gets its name from the fact that its rather low ground was once a marsh, and there is now an old mill on the place which is still in operation. The marsh has been filled in and is now an island of beautiful verdure. The lawns, flower beds, and shrubberies, are most artistically arranged and put one constantly in mind of his fanciful ideals of childhood. The owner was a wealthy farmer, and spared no means in beautifying his home with all that money could buy or nature provide. A mill-race, walled on one side, separates the island from the main lawn, but a rustic bridge spans the stream, and leads to the boathouse on the island where the rowboats are kept. A fine garden and greenhouses furnished vegetables and grapes for the table, and beyond the garden was an elegant tennis court, marked out, with nets and everything in readiness for players.

"All these things were thrown open to the crew and the house was left furnished just as the owner had it when he lived there. The china and silver were all in their places, and the old English butler with a second man provided things as homelike as possible. The bric-a-brac and furniture about the house made the men as comfortable as they would have been at home, and were a distinct change from the old quarters at Captain Brown's. There was some fear at first that the men would suffer bad effects from the low position of the quarters, but they proved quite free from any disease and it would seem as if they were more desirable than Cornell's quarters last year, which were situated quite a distance from the river, since the Cornell men were quite badly affected by the change of climate.

"The crew made its first appearance on the water about five o'clock on the day they arrived, and attracted much attention from the boatmen, who were heard to say, 'Why, that's the same crew that came from America last year.'

"It is very easy to see how they made this mistake, however grievous, for the Yale stroke that day was so distinctly different from the English stroke that it appeared very much like the short Cornell stroke. Trinity Hall was the only other crew on the river, they having arrived a day or two previously. Her first appearance to Yale men made a remarkable impression, and at once set Mr. Cook to thinking. The crew had profited by Cornell's experience, and had come provided with a good supply of shirts and jerseys with short sleeves. In truth, Yale owes Cornell a great deal for the splendid impression she [Yale] made; for many mistakes and accidents were avoided by knowledge acquired from Cornell's troubles. The first day's work came very hard, and the men found many stiff joints and muscles, but by the

time they were ready to come in, they had overcome any ill effects of the voyage.

"The boathouse is situated at the foot of the Henley Bridge, and is easily accessible from the Yale quarters by either the road or the river. Several bicycles were kept at the Marsh Mills, and with these it is but a moment's ride, so smooth and level are the roads about Henley. By way of the river it is rather longer but a comfortable row, the pleasure of which was usually given to the ever weary substitutes. In the boathouse the Yale men came in contact with many of their rival oarsmen, and thus was given each an opportunity to judge of the others' social qualities. Not only the eights, but also the fours, pairs, and scullers, meet here in most friendly relations on common ground.

"A special man cared for the Yale shell, as he does here, adjusted and repaired the rigging, and kept the boat in trim during the season. It is the custom for each crew to provide its own boatman, and Cornell went so far as to have an extra watchman, besides the boatman, to keep constant guard over this boat to prevent foul play.

"In looking about the boathouse, one notices at once the difference between the English and Yale shells. The former are built, while our boats are made of paper. The lines of the two shells are almost identical, but the English boats sit a little lower in the water. The interior constructions of the boats differ widely; for in Yale's there is a complicated network of braces and bars, rendered necessary by the lack of stiffness of the paper shell, while the English shell is marked by its simplicity, there being nothing visible but the seats and footbraces, and the necessary gunwale strip. Another point of vastly more importance, and which mainly characterizes the different shells, is the arrangement of the seats and footbraces. In the English shells, these are placed on

alternate sides, each man sitting well to the side opposite his own oarlock. The advantage derived from this arrangement is the increased leverage, while in the Yale boat the men sit over the keel in a straight line, this enabling them to keep better time, and affording less resistance to the wind. Another point of vantage in Yale's place is the freedom permitted in arranging men as regards weight, as no care has to be taken to exactly balance the boat. Yale seems to think that England has the better boat; for Captain Bailey has had a boat constructed with seats to the side, as the English have, and a test will be made probably this fall. I have not yet heard of England's adopting any of Yale's principles.

"To see the two crews at practice, one is struck with the lack of form in one, and the excess of it in the other. While Yale believes in keeping the body fairly erect and saving energy, the English believe in absolute disregard of form, their whole attention being put upon the watermanship, or ability of handling the blade in the water; at least so it appeared to me. The English critics (for all the people about Henley, from the youth in knee-breeches to the old man, are rowing critics) who watched the crews from the bridge, gave this unique name to our crew,—'The Yankee Beeliners.'

"England has clearly proved her superiority, but do we know where it lies? Has Yale given her stroke a fair test? These questions have arisen in every Yale man's mind, and they have had more or less cause. Mr. Cook has been blamed, and with some justice, but it is hard for one to realize his position. He saw his mistake on the second day, and at once made the crew lower their stroke to about twenty-five or less. He made them reach forward more on the catch, and without a radical change tried to lengthen out the stroke. The crew rowed the course with a low stroke in splendid time for

a few strokes, but when they raised the stroke, it shortened proportionately. About the middle of the second week, Mr. Cook saw that something had to be done. By his clever means he gained knowledge from the English coaches. His means have aroused a good deal of criticism, and are better left undescribed. He concluded, from the information he gained, that Yale was using too broad oars, and that while they are good for a low stroke, in a high stroke they do not allow enough give or slip through the water. This Mr. Cook considered the vital point, and the real reason why Yale could not lengthen her stroke. He at once ordered English oars, but they were poorly made, and while these were being tried the crew lost the most valuable time of the whole training; that is, the last week before they ease off the work. They not only lost the time, but were set back by the change. When the crew abandoned the English oars and took their old ones, they rowed the course in the best time they had made that far. This was due, of course, to the uncomfortable feeling the new clumsy ones had, and the agreeable change to the old; for all the men wanted to use the old oars. The next practice proved this; for the crew went back to the old time, and then their hopes began to fall. Mr. Cook said at the quarters, several days before the race, out of the hearing of the crew, that he plainly saw that the crew would be beaten. The men kept heart wonderfully well, in spite of discouragement, and I believe they hoped to win. The crew was not affected by the change of climate, and had a fair show to test their ability in every particular. They had won the better course throughout their schedule, and everything pointed to success, but the results are known too well already, and rest as well unmentioned."

After the Henley Regatta, Theodore, in company with a friend, took a wheeling trip of

a fortnight in England, and then with a larger group made a short journey on the Continent. The little party traveled so rapidly, and lost so much sleep that on the Rhine boat they were all in a somnolent state. Lest they should miss the most important views, they established a look out system, by which one of the party was to keep awake and call the others when the guide-book enjoined enthusiastic admiration of the view. Theodore always asserted that the other men slept on duty, and that they missed almost all that was worth seeing along the historic stream.

At Heidelberg, the American students were fortunate in hitting upon a University celebration with special illuminations of the castle and other festivities. They were also admitted to a series of students' duels in the famous inn across the Neckar.

Theodore was missed from Chautauqua during his vacation abroad, and all were glad, when, the following year, he resumed his wonted place. In addition to coaching the crews he rendered faithful and intelligent service in connection with the office work of the educational department, where he showed decided administrative ability.

At last the fourth June of his course arrived, and amid all the festivities of commencement week, Theodore and John were graduated.

The personal hold which Theodore had upon his classmates is expressed in this sentence from one of them: "There is not a fellow in the class who would be missed so much by *the whole class* to a man as old 'T' Miller."¹

He stood among his fellows for a group of manly virtues, which made their life in common richer and better. He was in a sense



THE FENCE, YALE CAMPUS

typical of the student tradition of old Yale. He was loyal to the corporate interests of the University body. He believed in working with others for a common end. He combined personal initiative with subordination to the larger welfare. He was optimistic, with joy in doing and will to accomplish. His services

¹ From a letter of C. M. Fincke, Oct. 5, 1898.

to his classmates could not be put in better words than these:—

“Work was easier when ‘T’ worked with you and brought his happiness and buoyancy into it. Pleasures gave more enjoyment when one saw how thoroughly he entered into them. It was a good thing to be in his company. The soul of goodness himself, one always felt that he judged you more charitably than most men. Others were more clever and gifted; none I think had fewer faults. He was a true Christian and a warm, whole-hearted friend.”¹

¹ From a letter of H. S. Coffin, Sept. 20, 1898.

CHAPTER IV

IT SEEMS to have been settled early in Theodore's college course that he was to study for the bar. In a letter to his father in 1894, he declares his intention to regard the plan as finally fixed upon. In the autumn of 1897 he entered the New York Law School. He also secured a place as clerk in the offices of a prominent legal firm. At the same time, John Miller, who had chosen the profession of mechanical engineering, entered the graduate department of Cornell. This, the first serious separation of their lives, was keenly felt by both of the brothers.

Theodore, together with three Yale classmates, set up housekeeping in an apartment which was whimsically dubbed "Poverty Flat." Two of the men were studying medicine; two had entered the law courses. Here, in the midst of the metropolis, was established a bit of the old Yale life. "Poverty Flat" was the resort of many '97 men who either came to town, or were living in the city. Theodore was, as usual, a source of cheer and enthusiasm. Although

working hard himself, he had plenty of energy to share with his comrades.

"Many a dark, cheerless afternoon, when grinding away on our books, our brains tired with a hard day's work, we have heard his well-known footsteps on the stairs, the key turn in the lock, and he comes in, bringing sunshine and cheerfulness with him. 'Come on, fellows, shut up your books. Let's get out for a walk, and then get something to eat.' He was tired by his day's work and a hard afternoon spent in the law library, but he knew what we needed, and his cheerful spirit could respond to any calls he made on it."¹

The dwellers in "Poverty Flat," however, were not altogether given over to study. They found time for social pleasures, and were much sought by friends and classmates who lived in New York and its suburbs. Theodore's scrap book contains invitations to dinners, receptions, and other agreeable affairs. A quartette was formed early in the winter. There are a number of notes urging Theodore to bring his friends for an informal "sing," or to take part in a musical programme. Now and then the men, singly or in small groups, would run up to New Haven. In these visits there was a tinge of sadness. The recent graduates realized that others had taken their places; that the great stream of Yale life was sweeping on without them.

¹ From a letter of James R. Judd, October, 1898.

But all these recreations were sternly subordinated to the main purposes which the men had in mind. Theodore, always of methodical habits, arranged his work in a schedule to which he adhered with conscientious fidelity. Near the end of the year, in May, when the war excitement was at its height, he writes home that he has not "taken a single cut throughout the year," although he owns that thoughts of enlistment and active service had more or less distracted his mind. His systematic methods were illustrated in many of the details of his life. The letters he received, for example, were carefully sorted and docketed, and his scrap-books, kept continuously from his high school days in Akron to the time of his enlistment, preserve in chronological order many significant mementos.

At the outset the duties of the young law clerk naturally did not demand great legal knowledge. Theodore was chiefly employed in collecting bills. The routine of this not altogether agreeable work was broken for the first time when he was sent to represent the office in court. His simple duty was to rise when the case was called and to inform the judge that at the appointed time the firm would appear for the defendant. Theodore's account of the experience is amusing. He was so filled with anxiety lest he should get into the wrong

court, or fail to rise at just the right moment, that he was much perturbed. When the time came, he sprung up with promptness, repeated his formula, and then, lest he should fail in any respect, he remained standing through several other routine matters, to the considerable amusement of the officials. It was with genuine relief that he saw the court adjourn, and knew that there was nothing more for him to do.

Theodore was always on the lookout for new experiences, and eager to take advantage of opportunities. An illustration of his keenness for this sort of thing is found in his answering an advertisement for a man to circulate a petition. He got the position. It seems that something connected with pharmacies was at issue, and the signatures of druggists were desired. Theodore was paid a few cents for every name which he secured. He seems to have enjoyed the experience greatly. In one case he encountered an irascible druggist, who would not even listen to a statement of the case, but when Theodore persisted, called in a policeman. The situation was explained to the officer, and the druggist was in some measure mollified, though the solicitor's most persuasive tones failed to secure the desired signature.

Theodore's fondness for children has already been noted. During this winter one of his

chief pleasures was to have his niece and nephew, the children of his sister Mina, come into the city as his guests. He would take them about to see the sights. They visited the museums and art galleries, the Brooklyn bridge, and the statue of Liberty. In all these excursions Theodore seemed fully to share the delight of his little *protégés*.

As Mr. and Mrs. Edison lived in Orange, it was only natural that Theodore should spend frequent Sundays with his sister. On his birthday all the inmates of "Poverty Flat" were invited to Glenmont for a celebration. Theodore was charmed with everything, and showed



GLENMONT, LLEWELLYN PARK,
RESIDENCE OF MR. THOMAS A. EDISON

his friends about in his enthusiastic way. He prepared an elaborate programme for their entertainment, one item,—hot baths for the company,—being suggested by the single tub and the cold water of "Poverty Flat."

The hospitality of the "Flat" quite overflowed its physical limitations. Many a night Theodore would sleep on the lounge or even on the

floor, in order to make room for a welcome classmate or two from out of town. His unselfishness and thought for others were always finding new expression.

An anecdote from Mina shows Theodore in a character wholly familiar to those who knew him. He was walking with the children in Orange one afternoon, when he saw an old man making a vain attempt to put out a fire which had caught in some leaves and was spreading rapidly. In a moment Theodore's coat was off, and he had rushed to the aid of the baffled old gardener. A few minutes of quick work served to isolate the burning leaves and to extinguish the fire.

The winter passed quickly, and in spite of hard work it passed pleasantly. Theodore was conscious that he was making steady progress in his studies, and was filled with quiet satisfaction. He was greatly pleased by his election to the Dwight Law Club, a group to which only the best type of men in the Law School are admitted. The final examinations at the close of the year were passed with honors.

In the spring came rumors of war, the long period of negotiation, and finally the outbreak of hostilities. It is easy to understand why Theodore from the very first felt a strong impulse to enlist. His motives were naturally complex. In the long discussions with friends

over the matter he expressed most forcibly his belief that the educated young men of the country ought to show their loyalty by a ready response to the President's call. At the same time he did not conceal his eagerness for the excitement of campaigning. The idea of in-



THE DWIGHT LAW CLUB

vading Cuba appealed to his spirit of adventure, as well as to his conscious loyalty to country.

When he discovered that, unless he remained to the end of the year, he would lose all credit for his Law course, Theodore felt that he was not justified in making this sacrifice until there

seemed to be a more pressing need for volunteers. He resolved, therefore, to await the second call. Extracts from his letters written during this period give the best impression of his point of view and of his motives. It is very clear that he was eager for active service. In a letter of April 20th he writes:—

“I was mighty glad to get Father’s letter expressing his approval of my enlisting, and hope that I may be of some active service somewhere. This is the difficulty in enlisting at a regular station, and as early as this, for undoubtedly the first volunteers will be sent to some fortification and there remain during the whole war, if it lasts a short time, which I feel certain it will. Now, what I want to do is to get into the ‘scrap,’ and be able to do something worth doing. I may be too eager and ambitious, but that is what I want to do. . . . This has always been a dream of my life, and now that America is about to engage in war, and there is a possibility of my getting into it, it seems still a dream for me to realize.”

But mere daring and eagerness for the life of field and camp were subordinate to a higher motive. Theodore’s reply to a letter of entreaty from his mother, re-enforced by a plea from Mary, is full of tenderness, and yet breathes the spirit of patriotism.

“I hope you will believe me,” he writes, “when I say that I love you *most* of all, and would give almost

anything to be there at home now to kiss you and talk this over with you. It is very hard to argue a question of this sort and I can't say anything in contradiction to your desire for me to stay. For I would stay if I thought it was my duty not to go. There are lots of men who could go without missing much work, but there are very few who could go without leaving some loving friends behind. If everybody excused himself for selfish reasons, we could have no army. Patriotism must control and love of country prevail."¹

Mr. Miller seems at first to have suggested the Navy, and one letter mentions a place on the *Yale* as a possibility. Now follow many eager plans for enlistment. Charles Hemenway—one of the "Poverty Flat" group—returned to Vermont and there entered the service. For a few days Theodore thought of joining the same company, in which a place was kept for him, but this idea was soon abandoned. Meantime the friends at Akron had heard of a position which could be secured for Theodore. He was immediately notified by telegram to see the Quartermaster General on Governor's Island. After a long search he obtained an interview with the officer, and learned that the position in question was practically a clerkship in the commissary department. This by no means appealed to Theodore, and he politely de-

¹ Letter from Theodore to his mother, April 26th, 1898.

clined the position on the ground that he wanted to see active service.

During this time the organization of the "Rough Riders'" regiment was attracting wide attention. "Dade" Goodrich, Theodore's old-time playmate, had enlisted with this force, and many Yale and Harvard men, several of them friends of Theodore, had been admitted to the various troops. In a letter of May 15th Theodore mentions these facts, and expresses the wish that he might have a chance like this. His desire to enter the army was greatly increased by a visit he paid to Camp Black, which he describes in enthusiastic terms in a letter of May 23rd.

On May 26th Mr. Marvin met Theodore in New York, and in the course of conversation concerning the burning topic of enlistment suggested telegraphing to "Dade" Goodrich, who was in Texas with the "Rough Riders." An immediate reply from Goodrich brought the news that a place was open for Theodore in the regiment, and that, if he came at once, he could secure the vacancy. This solution of the problem filled Theodore with delight. The opportunity in every way satisfied him. He could reasonably count on active service, and that in company with some of his best friends. The consent of Mr. and Mrs. Miller was immediately secured, and plans were made for instant de-

parture. Theodore's letter to his mother, dated May 28th, gives his point of view:—

ORANGE, N. J., May 28, 1898.

My Darling Mother:—

The second call has been made and I should answer it. There could be no better place than where I am going, for this regiment is made up of the finest fellows in the country and I have several friends with it.

Dade Goodrich was mighty good to find the opening for me, and I owe him a great deal. He is a fine fellow, and our knowing each other so well will be a great satisfaction to us both and to you people at home. . . .

I told Mr. Marvin that I was going to enlist some place. He suggested that I go with the Rough Riders Regiment; so we telegraphed to "Dade" to find out if there was any possible opening. He answered the next morning, "Come immediately. Have place for you here at once."

I wish I could stop off to see you in Akron. That is impossible without losing a whole day, and I am afraid that would make me too late. It would be very unsatisfactory for us to see each other just a moment, and now we will not have to say good bye and endure the sorrow of parting. Darling, I think I am doing my duty and trust that you will agree with me.

My train leaves right away, so I must close, darling.

. . . Love beyond expression from a loving son,

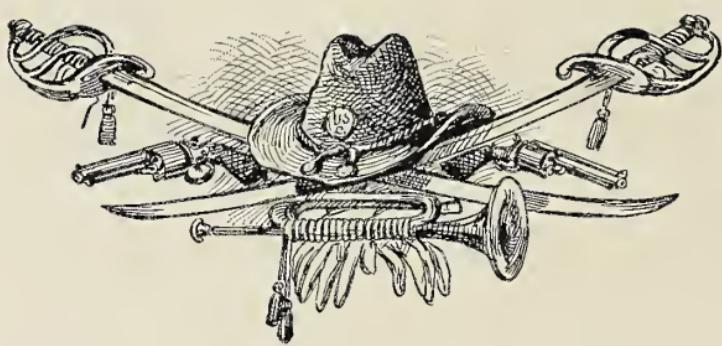
THEODORE.

Goodbye.

Mr. Miller joined Theodore at Cleveland, and together they traveled westward, telegraphing frequently to make sure of the route of the

"Rough Riders." From this point the narrative is taken up by Theodore in his diary, which forms the three following chapters.

John Miller, within a short time after Theodore's enlistment, was admitted to the Navy as ensign. He was assigned first to the *Marblehead*. Later he was transferred to the *Vulcan*, which lay in Guantanamo Bay throughout the Santiago campaign. The brothers, although comparatively near each other, never met.



THE DIARY

CHAPTER V¹

THE Regiment was organized under the supervision and at the suggestion of Roosevelt, who forfeited his position as Ass't Sec'y of Navy in the Cabinet, and accepted the rank of Lieut. Col. of this Regiment, with his friend, a physician from the West, Leonard Wood, as Col. The first enlistments were made about the first of May, and men from Arizona, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico and Indian Territory were sworn in about the fourth of May; and the next day the men from Harvard and the East joined the Regiment at San Antonio, Texas. The men were equipped and partially trained while in camp, and the regiment of raw recruits was transformed into a body of troops in regimental form and equipment. Goodrich was

¹ This and the following chapters, VI and VII, are reproduced from the diary which Theodore kept from the time of his enlistment to the morning of the day on which he was wounded. The narrative was written in pencil in a small note-book. Only slight and unimportant changes have been made by the editor. Certain omissions have been indicated by asterisks. The manuscript is very clear. It is singularly free from erasures and corrections. The abbreviations and frequent ellipses are only natural in the circumstances.

made 2nd Lieut. in Troop D. Horses were assigned, and all officers appointed. The camp at San Antonio broke up Sunday, May 29th, and the Regiment started for Tampa, Florida, on that day.

On Thursday, May 26th, Richard came to N. Y. C. and asked Bill Judd, Bill Darrach and me to breakfast at Holland House with him. This was the day after second call for troops; and as I had decided to wait only that long, and thereby give me time to complete my year at Law School, I needed only this call to make me go. Richard suggested, at breakfast, my joining the ROUGH RIDERS; so we telegraphed to Dade Goodrich. That night I went to New Haven for "Slap Day," and on my return Friday morning, found message from Dade, saying that there was a place for me at once. I lunched with Richard, Mina and Grace at the Normandie, and then hustled about, telegraphing, writing, purchasing tickets, packing, etc. Finished at about nine o'clock P. M., and then, with Charlie Hemenway, who accompanied me as far as Jersey City, went to Orange. Rode horse-



COL. WOOD

back before and after breakfast at Mina's, and left about eleven for New York, to take N. Y. Central for San Antonio. Richard and Grace saw me off; and I met some man on train who said that Bob Wrenn was to leave for New Orleans directly that P. M. I telegraphed Dade from Poughkeepsie, and went on to San Antonio. Father and Ed. met me in Cleveland, and father joined me on my trip. At St. Louis the Koenig boys, with their father, were down to meet us; and we took supper and I made my will there. Left St. Louis after an hour, and took the Iron Mountain Route for San Antonio, but rumors and papers led us to think that the Regiment had left San Antonio; so we telegraphed at Houston, and received word at Marshall, Texas, that the Regiment had passed through Houston en route for Tampa. I had forty minutes wait, so bade farewell to father, who went on to Dallas, Texas. I exchanged my ticket for San Antonio for one to New Orleans, with 85 cents to boot; and, after a shave, shampoo and general refreshing, took the train for the southern metropolis. My anxiety was at its height all night, and it was a chase for a prize I greatly coveted. Arrived at New Orleans at about nine o'clock, crossed the ferry, and hurried by cab to the place where I had learned the ROUGH RIDERS had arrived. I almost yelled for joy

when I saw the yellow canvas suits, and the soldierly appearance of many men getting on and off cars, for I felt sure I had caught the ROUGH RIDERS; for they can't beat the locomotive, if they can ride a horse. I pushed about, feeling greatly out of place, and appearing much more so, on account of my civilian garb, looking for Dade. Ran across Jerry Gerard, whom I scarcely recognized, and he showed me how to find Goodrich. Soon ran across him, hurrying about on very important mission, I supposed; but he seemed glad to see me, and looked up officers and introduced me to Capt.

O'Neil and Lieut. Frances. He finally got permission to have me examined, and, if satisfactory, to allow me to join the Regiment en route, to await formal enlistment at Tampa. I was examined by Chief Surgeon La Motte, in the smoking compartment of the officers' sleeper; and after a very easy examination, my physi-



LIEUT.-COL. ROOSEVELT

cal condition and requirements were found satisfactory. Then I went with Dade to the baggage car, the only place which could be found for me. He introduced me to Holt and Wills; and I soon became acquainted with Burgess, Love and Serg. Hunter. The place assigned me proved to be the hospital car, and I was exceedingly lucky to get there, for the other cars were ordinary day coaches, and the men slept curled up on two seats, with two men in each set. This car of mine was also the Commissary Department for Troop D., so we managed to get all we wanted to eat—as far as quantity, at least, went.

My impressions of New Orleans were anything but what I had looked for, but must confess my observation extended over a very limited space. We left shortly after noon; and I found traveling in a baggage car in civilian's clothes, with a dress-suit case and a derby hat, not so very comfortable; but upon further acquaintance with the men, and after throwing off unnecessary clothes, I got along nicely. The large door in the car furnished a splendid window for view and ventilation; so we felt quite fortunate as compared with the men in day coaches. I soon discovered an old friend in Troop A. end of car—Hollister¹ of Har-

¹ Hollister died at Fortress Monroe as a result of wounds received in battle.

vard—and we soon struck up quite a joll. Before we left New Orleans, Teddy Burke, Bob Wrenn and Bill Larned appeared on the scene, and we were all on the anxious seat until assigned. Teddy Burke knew me before, so we met in good shape, and he introduced me to Wrenn and Larned.¹ Companions by necessity, we soon became acquainted, and finally found that Bob Wrenn was to come into my car, and Teddy Burke and Larned went into D. Troop car. Our first stop was Mobile, where a great crowd greeted us; and most everybody got off the train and bought about everything in sight. We telegraphed a combination message, Teddy and I, to Orange, and I sent one to father. Saw Garrison there for first time, and hardly recognized him with his shaven head. This was late in the afternoon, and after leaving we soon began to fix for bed. Some of the men, Guy Murchie and Hollister, were on guard; so Bob Wrenn and I sat up until eleven, with our feet hanging out of the door. Singing and talking helped along the time; and we felt "out of sight" to have at last

¹With Eddie Burke and Will Larned we made up a four that were constantly together. Scarcely an evening passed that we did not meet to talk over new experiences, or possibly share some extra rations; it was in this way that we learned to know your son so well, and to admire him for his unfailing cheerfulness and generosity.—*Letter to Mr. Miller from Robert Wrenn.*

become even connected with the Regiment. Soon we turned in, and I found a bunk on the top of a lot of saddles, close to the top of the car, which place, comfortable enough at first, became more and more rocky and bumpy as the night advanced and the novelty wore off.

We stopped at Pensacola that night, but could see nothing of the city. Our next long stop was at Tallahassec, where they watered the horses; and we stopped from noon until about five o'clock. Our Troop cooked dinner under a tree, and two of the men caught a chicken, and later a man named Stewart caught a rooster. They picked them, and all I saw of the result was some chicken broth for the hospital patients in our car. Troop A. caught a small pig, and another Troop had a goose. Holt and I purchased some very good milk, and that, with the army rations of hard tack, tomatoes and a potato apiece, made a good meal. We had our first good wash in a brook near the track, and it did certainly feel good. The coons were thick, and we made them sing and dance for us at the station. We later raided a bottling shop, and had some fine ginger ale with Col. Wood and another officer. The Mayor of the town was very anxious to have the Regiment stop off there for camp, and offered all sorts of inducements; but after the horses were watered and fed, and all was ready,

we pushed on. Saw the camp as we passed out, and it was quite a respectable place. Great many soldiers were there, and all cheered as we went by. We traveled on through Florida, and at a point 20 miles west of Jacksonville turned directly south. Reached Dade City about noon the next day, and there we four men got together and had a fine little dinner at a little country hotel. The officers were eating in the dining room, and we had ours served on the porch. The proprietor gave me a pipe as a souvenir. Every meal we took outside the train we thought would be our last, so we simply chucked the food away for fair. We went down to the village and bought some things, and I wrote my first letter while we waited. Soon the train started and we scrambled aboard, and went down about two miles to a water tank. While the horse detail watered and fed the horses, the different troops separated and cooked their dinners in the woods close by. It was a very pretty place, and the men took good advantage of it for a stretch out. I continued writing my letter while there, and afterwards went to the tank to have a wash up. Here I found a lot of fellows on top the train, passing buckets in lines from the tank spout, to be poured into the car troughs. Garrison was up on top filling buckets as they were passed to him, and was

simply drenched with water. All the Eastern boys pitched in like beavers to work, and seemed better able than most of the Westerners. We new men not yet enlisted were strictly ignoramuses and steered clear of any work until we learned something. This proved lucky for me, for I was very soft when I struck the gang, and could not stand very much hard work anyway. At this place we got very well braced up after our journey, and proceeded to Tampa. Arrived in the outskirts after a good deal of switching, and finally pulled in near town. Bob Wrenn and I waited on the train for Teddy and Bill, but finally decided to push up town, it then being about 8:30 P. M. We found a hotel, but were too late for supper; so went to a little restaurant and washed, while waiting for our dinner. It was a *dandy*, comparatively speaking, and we did certainly enjoy it and ate our fill. Bought a few things at a drug store, and started back for the train; but when we arrived, found only the horse train switching about, and learned from a burly packer that it would not go to the camp until about one o'clock; so, after some hesitation and a long joll, we decided to spend the night at the El-mira. Here we had a bath, and just before sleep, a beer in two pitchers, which certainly put us on our feet. Got up next morning at five. Had coffee at our restaurant, and took

street car for place of temporary camp, arriving just at breakfast time. We were scared lest we should "queer" ourselves for shyster-ing; but no one complained, and most of them envied us. Later we found that Teddy and Bill had gone to the same restaurant about fifteen minutes later than we, the night before, and then put up at the Tampa Bay Hotel. We waited until all had saddled, and the troops had prepared to leave for the permanent camp. They had several horses left over, so we took a horse apiece to lead, and after several breaks in saddle-ing, and after losing my horse by taking off the halter (a thing they never do), causing the loss of the horse's forelock, we mounted and rode away. We, the stragglers, stopped at a Cuban house, and Serg. Randolph talked Cuban to them. There was quite a settle-ment of emigrated Cubans. Our Serg. made a mistake after passing through the town, and we went to the wrong camp, so retraced our steps and hurried to town. Bob and I rode to-gether, and it was my first army duty of any



LIEUT. GOODRICH

importance, except a mission I was sent on at Dade City by our Capt. Huston. Bob and I recognized several buildings and things we had seen the night before, and it seemed like an old acquaintance. We passed on, crossed the bridge and rode by the Tampa Bay Hotel, and, just as we passed the entrance, Richard H. Davis and Caspar Whitney came out, and recognizing Bob, let out a great yell. Bob knows them both very well. After five mile ride we arrived at the outskirts of the camp. Our squad was met by Lieut. Goodrich and others, mounted, one of whom, by name Page, dismounted, and transferred his saddle from his to one of our extra horses, and we all enjoyed a Wild West Show rough riding. He was thrown and the horse ran away; so all put after him. He was captured and finally conquered, and ridden by Page back to camp. This put Bob and me in fear of death, and caused us to congratulate ourselves that we had not happened to get that horse, instead of the ones we rode. Going a little farther, crossing the railroad and passing several camps, we arrived at our destination at Camp Tampa. Dismounting and unsaddling, we arranged our horses along picket line, and held them for an hour or so in the hot sun.

Our trip from New Orleans to Tampa was one so crowded with amusing, and some pain-

ful incidents, that it would be impossible to recount them all; but I must not forget to mention the Troop A. mascot, which formed the great attraction along the way. An Arizona man brought a young (3 months) Mountain Lion with him to San Antonio, and the Troop caged him and adopted him as their mascot. He was a vicious little beast, with immense paws and a cat-like head, and long tail. The men had him pretty well tamed to them, but he would not stand a stranger, or any teasing. Teddy Burke came up in our car one night and slept between this beast and a negro. Cuba, a dog that the same Troop captured by the way, became a great friend of Josephine (the M. L.), and they played together to the entertainment of all spectators, and for their own amusement also. My first impressions of two other characters were rare. One was Cassi, the troop Bugler, a fine looking fellow, and a great character. A typical modern adventurer. He has been in about every country in the world, and has mixtures of French, Spanish and Mexican blood in him. He was leader of a band at Jerome when the Regiment was organized; so enlisted from there. "Old Doc," too, was a unique character, a fat, bright-eyed reprobate, dissipated but good-natured, and a perfect freak. The mascots were the great attraction for the ladies and

children, and they simply flocked about the car. At some stations they would have "Cuba" up too, and the two together made things very lively and interesting for our visitors.

The journey through Alabama was quite interesting, and the country showed quite a civilized and cultivated tone; but excuse me from Florida country. Palmetto and high-topped trees, with an abundance of air-moss, was the only vegetation. A few spattering attempts at farms made us realize that we were in an inhabited country; but, aside from a bit of tobacco, and a few thin pigs and cows, farming was missing. The negroes at different stations made some very good music, and reminded one of the old Uncle Tom's Cabin stories.

The Regiment was transported across the country in three divisions. The first, in charge of Col. Wood, preceded the others by about half a day. The last division was under charge Lieut. Col. Roosevelt, and arrived just a day after us at Tampa. Our visit at Tampa had the one and great redeeming feature, the Tampa Bay Hotel. Immediately after we were relieved at the camp, we four got together and went into town. Teddy Burke had a room the night before, so we went up to that; and, after shaving and fixing up, which consisted of our trying on each others' different articles of clothing, and mixing up things generally, only to return

to our own army outfit, which consisted at that time, for me, of my blue trousers, Mr. Edison's shirt, patent leathers, a red bandana handkerchief and derby hat, which was later replaced by an army hat, purchased in town for a dollar. Bob Wrenn insisted on our fixing up and darting into the main dining room; but we refused, and finally induced him to call up office on telephone, and see if we could have a back room, or some more secluded spot. His manner of doing this was immensely amusing, and we had a grand time jollying him about it. We found we could go into the small dining room and be less conspicuous for our costume. The hotel was the headquarters for army officers and reporters; so on our way down we met several celebrities. Teddy introduced us to Remington, Caspar Whitney and a Col. We also met R. H. Davis. We had a very fine dinner, and afterward wrote letters, etc., before returning to camp. We decided this day to enlist as follows: Teddy and I in Troop D. and Bob Wrenn and Bill Larned in Troop A. Friends had a good deal to do with the decision, and we looked on D. for the horses too, as they had several extra. D. has splendid officers. Teddy and I wanted to be "bunkees," and we knew that by enlisting at the same time, we would likely be so. We returned to camp to find things more or less arranged;

some tents up and the picket line up and the horses attached. We had a supper, not quite so luxurious as our dinner, but we managed to make a meal out of it. That night I slept out in the open between C.'s horses and our line of tents, on some borrowed blankets. Wright

helped me out. . . .

The next morning, Saturday, June 4th, was my first experience of the renowned "Reveille," and a morning in camp. Roll call comes at about five minutes' interval, and everyone must be dressed ready to line up. After breakfast, when there seemed little to do, I looked up a fellow from Boston, a terrible sport, but of

A black and white portrait of Caspar Whitney, a young man with dark hair and sideburns, wearing a suit and tie.
CASPAR WHITNEY

good family, and a rather good fellow, who joined us at New Orleans, a perfect stranger to everybody but Teddy, who happened to know him at school. We met the other fellows coming back from town, but continued on in agreeing to meet them at the hotel. After waiting a while at the hotel, and after

two very refreshing beers (for it was terribly hot). Soon Bill Larned came rushing in, having hurried from the camp to tell us that Col. Roosevelt wanted to enlist us that morning. We hurried back and took the oath, etc., and signed our fate for two years, and were assigned as we desired. Then we all got permission to go in town and to have our final square meal, as we then thought. . . . At the suggestion of Remington we all went to the pool for a swim. Bill Larned and I had a room together. Tried stunt of stepping along from siding to stage. I was the first to do it. Had a great time. Then we all pushed in and had dinner in the big dining room with (?) Roosevelt, Wood and General Miles and his son, wife and daughter (we thought). We did certainly feel very much out of place with our old dirty togs and ill-shaven faces, etc. After dinner we wrote letters and Barnard and I went in town to mail them, and met the fellows later at the hotel and all pushed out. Met Alger's son this day, a tall, dark-haired fellow of very agreeable manners. Returned to camp about five o'clock; found extra tent and blankets, and fixed our tent for the night. Had supper and received our first mail (three letters) which I enjoyed immensely. We then turned in and by the "Tattoo" bugle were well settled, and at "Taps" just about asleep.

Called next morning by the "Reveille" and lined up for first time. Sunday morning was read out by Serg. Palmer, as on the Stable Police Duty, which consisted of watching the horses and feeding hay and oats, etc. Watch was two hours on and four hours off. My watch came just as church bugle sounded, so I enjoyed church from a distance, sitting on a stump near the horses. This duty kept me occupied most of the day. That night some of the men went swimming, but I could not get off. I went on again about nine o'clock and carried out my instructions for the day watch, but Capt. Huston and Lieut. Carr came by and asked me what had been my instructions. They seemed surprised, and soon Serg. Randolph came to me and told me the night instructions about sentry duty, continuous patrol and halting any person. 1st. Halt! (dismount). 2nd. Who goes there? Advance to be recognized. Pass Officers of the Day and commissioned officers, but arrest any other person. John Greenway soon came dashing up, mounted; and I did not recognize him until he called me by name. Teddy Burke and Van Vallen were on duty as reliefs with me, and Teddy came next after me. Thus passed that night. Monday morning Teddy and I obtained permission to go in town to make a final preparation for departure, which was expected any hour. We

bought a lot of stuff for other fellows, but very little for ourselves. Dade gave me a check to cash, and we had quite a time at the hotel arranging about our money. Took my dress suit case with Teddy's things and Wrenn's and Billy's, and packed them all in Teddy's trunk. Teddy set 'em up to a specially prepared breakfast at the Tampa Bay, as a final blow-out; and we loaded ourselves with oranges, etc., and took a carriage to the camp. This was our final blow-out, as it did actually prove, although we did not realize it at the time, because we had had so many false alarms. On our return to camp found that orders had just been issued to break up camp, preparatory to marching any minute. Did nothing but wait in expectation all afternoon. Packing, etc., occupied all our time next day, and Dade hustled around to get Teddy and me equipped, but reported at four o'clock very little show; but I got everything together possible, and was



ROOSEVELT DAVIS
THEODORE

about equipped. There were to be only seventy men from our Troop, and this cut out Teddy and me, for we were not equipped, and others had to stay with us to keep horses in readiness to follow. The order had been issued that the men were to go dismounted. When we learned that we were to be left behind, we were badly disappointed—Teddy not so much as I. We talked it over, and decided that if only one could go, that I should take the place. At five the men were lined up to see just what men were equipped. It was found that 69 men answered, so the Captain said to us at the side; "If any man can find a gun, he may go." I happened to notice where one had been placed by a man told to stay with the horses (— the saddler), so hustled right over to get it, and presented myself to the Captain. I previously had equipped myself with the exception of gun. But as I came up — claimed the gun and I gave it to him; but Captain said I could go. I did not know the reasons, so told — to understand I was not taking his place by any pull on my part; for he was dead anxious to go. He reported to Captain and Capt. said he could go. He jumped in the air and yelled for joy at the news, while I almost broke down with disappointment, and did cry.¹ I thought

¹ I remember how anxious he was not to be left at Tampa, and yet how he declined to go when it seemed to work injury to

my goose was cooked, but kept at it and hoped for something to turn up. Everybody was excited, and we heard the cheers from the different troops as they received orders. Next morning as I was standing about talking, and bemoaning my fate, the Captain came up and handed me a gun and cartridge belt. I asked no questions, but simply leaped inwardly at my good fortune. I learned afterwards that a man had been found asleep on guard the night before, and that they had taken his gun and given it to me. Now we had to fix up Teddy, and we hustled about to get him equipped, in hope something would turn up for him. After dinner, as we were lying about under the trees, Holt, Simpson and Teddy, et al., Lieut. Carr came along with a paper asking for subscriptions from the men to send a man named Crosby home, on account of the expected death of his wife. This misfortune of one at just the nick of time, proved the great fortune of Teddy, because it gave him a place. So finally we were all fixed, and Wrenn and Larned had worked into, somehow, by pull or otherwise, Troop A. Roosevelt gave Bob Wrenn his own

one that he conceived had a prior right. Afterwards, when another and unquestioned opportunity offered, the alacrity with which he prepared and the perfect happiness—and it seemed to me that he was always “on duty,” and always in his quiet, earnest way, cheerful and willing.—*From a letter to Mr. Miller from H. K. Love, Troop D., 1st U. S. V. C.*

gun, such was the scarcity of those essential parts of the equipment. After supper we were ordered to report as special detail to guard duty. There were twelve posts. Teddy was placed at eleven and I at eight, directly in front of officers' quarters. This was a busy



TROOP D. AT TAMPA

post, for there was a great deal of passing, on account of the expected orders to march. The troops were marched into town to get paid off. There was delay, and I was kept on guard three hours and a half; but it was so exciting that the time passed quickly. Returned to

camp to find that orders had been received and everybody was excited. Shouts from the other troops were heard at varying intervals. All was quiet in our neighbor's camp. Troop C. was left behind; also H. I. & M. This was very hard luck for Garrie and Jerry Gerard and Lieut. Sayre from Harvard, all of whom were in C. This made our position all the more fortunate, to think that we, who had entered so lately should go, and those that had been in from the first should be left behind. Dade was on the anxious seat too awhile, because the Second Lieut. at first received orders to stay behind with horses, but later the order was changed. At about twelve o'clock the order came to march. We lined up, and by the light of the moon, which had been a beauty during our whole stay, advanced to the R. R. After many "fake" alarms and wakings from sleep around a bonfire, we were marched to another R. R. There seemed to have been some mistake about trains. I never spent such a night in my life, and felt decidedly on the bum the next morning. We sponged some breakfast from some other Regiment near by, and Bill Larned and I foraged the neighboring private houses in search of food, waking up everybody. At about five o'clock a coal train pulled up, and we were ordered aboard. The cars were of the roughest type — dump cars — and we sat on the

edges and stood in the bottom, just being able to peer over the top, but were so delighted at leaving that we put up with anything.

Arrived at Port Tampa about ten o'clock, and marched about a half mile to our steamer, the *Yucatan*. There was a terrible delay in putting up the gangway, and we had to stand out in the burning sun. Went aboard, but was soon detailed to carry stuff. Almost died under weight of a bag of coffee. Never worked so hard in my life. We were assigned deck quarters, and our squad, under Serg. Hill, fixed ourselves about ten times before settling down. We have a splendid squad. Serg. Hill, Teddy, Rhodes, McClure, Newcomb, Beal, Russel, Smutts, Wolf, McMillan, Knox. Certainly a peach crowd. We lay at the dock that night, then passed out into the harbor the next day, and remained there over that day and night, expecting to leave as soon as others were ready. Our boat, the *Yucatan*, was at the command of Col. Wood, and he had engaged accommodations for 650 men; but the 2nd Inf. asked to be allowed to complete the number allowed on board, 850. But they embarked about 400 men, and the ship was terribly crowded. We returned to dock next day and took on more provisions and supplies, and spent the night moored in the dock channel, and the next morning passed out again into the

harbor, where we lay until Monday afternoon. The accommodations on the boat, while the extra men were there, were something frightful, and I have often wondered how steerage passengers live. Well, I found out, and experienced a much worse life. We were fortunate enough to have been assigned to the deck, and slept out in the open, with a blanket under us, and one to draw over us, if cold, but needed it only toward morning. Teddy and I slept two nights on the hurricane deck, and one night it rained, and we were lucky enough to have Teddy's rubber blanket, which kept us fairly dry, while the others got simply drenched. The next night I happened to discover that an extra room in the very stern on second deck would make a fine place in case of rain. They had been keeping a prisoner there — a small boy who stabbed a fellow crewman for some trifling quarrel. He was handcuffed, so we were running little risk. I went to Col. Wood for permission to sleep there, and he said I might get a few men and do so. Bob Wrenn, Billy L., and Teddy, with two others and myself, slept there. The next night many others got on to the snap, and the place was crowded; but we fixed our guns and stuff up there as a good dry place, and were going to use it for that purpose. But the next day they converted it into a hospital for patients with measles

and other contagious diseases, so we got out. There was great uncertainty about our leaving, and all sorts of rumors prevailed. The fleet gradually arranged itself, after a great deal of shifting; and as each vessel went forward of another, the men would cheer and shout, thinking that they were first to be off. The warships began to appear one by one. The *Helena*, *Hornet*, and a cruiser came into the harbor, but the war fleet awaited us outside the bay.

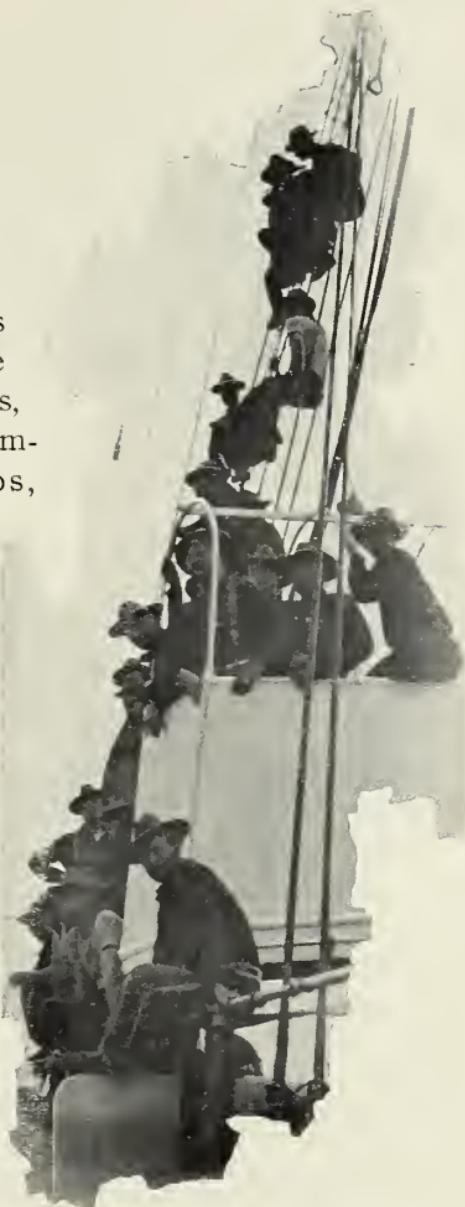
Sunday I was ordered to report as stroke of our troop crew, to row the Col. about. We took him over to the *Segurancia*, the flagship for our transports; then we rowed to another transport and back to our ship. Troop K. men had been assigned this boat, so they piled in immediately, and we all went into the dock, hoping we could get up town, but were badly "rubber necked," and had to row boat back to our ship. But finally we piled into a boat and went in town. Burgess and I fell in together and walked up town, purchasing lemonade and ice cream at every vendor's. Became separated while Bob and I had some ice cream, so we took a ride on a freight up to the station, finding that we could not get to Tampa City until too late, decided to stay in Port Tampa. Bought 35 cents worth of gum at the station, and sold it afterwards on ship board for 70, besides all I gave away and chewed myself. Got

some stuff, and then went to a S. School with Cunningham, a lawyer from San Antonio, in Troop D. After this we walked about the village, which consisted of saloons, two grocery stores and a lot of temporary booths. Returned to dock to find Dade Goodrich and another Lieut. had been looking for us. Dade rowed the boat up to the dock, and we all piled in for the *Yucatan*. I had bought cookies and stuff, so had many friends when I arrived. It had become almost a necessity to buy outside stuff; and, on shipboard, had it not been for my success in working up a "pull" with the cooks when I was on guard, I should have certainly starved. But I worked it just right, so that I could get fresh water and something to eat most every time I asked. The use of fresh water was greatly limited, so my "pull" did me a great service. I was on guard about the first night, and was lucky enough to get the post at the kitchen, which proved to be most valuable of all. Tony, the chief cook, gave me a fine dinner, and later I bought a pipe from the baker, so won his good will. . . . Must mention the small boy 13 years old, who came aboard fully equipped and wanted to enlist, but was refused. Thus passed the time until Monday, the thirteenth. At noon we weighed anchor and steamed out into the bay, running into a sand bar, and again colliding with another

transport, or so near that everyone thought it impossible to avoid a collision. The report was that a sand bar threw us suddenly off our course. It was very fortunate for ourselves and boat that we did not collide, for a more serious result than mere effects of collision would have resulted from the explosion of the dynamite which was stored in the bow of our boat. We anchored a short distance out, so that the expedition did *not* start on the *hoodooed* day, *Monday the thirteenth*.

CHAPTER VI

OUR voyage was unique, with all the fleet surrounding us, about 50 all told, composed of Battleships, Cruisers, Gunboats, Torpedo Boats, Transports, Newspaper Boat *Olivette*, two yachts, the *Hornet* and another. The *Helena* and *Indiana* were among the fleet. As far as one could see were these ships in two columns. It was a beautiful sight, and one unprecedented in our history, and the largest expedition we ever sent out. Our transport, No. 8, took a rather



ON THE "YUCATAN - LEAVING TAMPA

central position, so we had vessels on all sides. We passed to the east of the Dry Tortugas, and did not stop at Key West; but it was rumored that other Men of War met us from Key West. The *Ericsson* passed just astern of us, and, towed by a small navy tug boat, left us obliquely, sailing a little to the east. The tug boat had some rapid fire guns aboard. One day followed another, and we could not tell, except with careful and lengthy calculation, what day it was. Our food grew worse and worse every day, and we should surely have starved, had it not been for our friends in the kitchen. I got our squad to join another and have a beef hash, which relieved the monotony some. We had to pay enormous prices for everything in the kitchen, and the cooks imposed upon the men terribly. It is said that the baker made \$200.00 the first day by tips, and selling bread and ordinary stuff. He charged 50 cents for pies, and men paid anything between that and \$1.00 for pies. The N. Y. men simply poured money into the kitchen, and, at first, were allowed to board in the dining room after the officers, but later were forbidden this very great luxury. One not having experienced it can hardly realize how we begged for food, and even stole a cracker or piece of bread from passing waiters.

One day the *Indiana* saluted, and everyone thought we had encountered the enemy surely; but it proved to be only a salute. I was put on detail to assist the Commissary Lieut., and worked like a horse in the hold of the ship, shoving boxes and bags about, and was told to report again at one o'clock P. M. This I did, but found no one there, so waited until four o'clock, when I thought I was justified in leaving for drill. Drill came at seven in the morning and four in the afternoon every day. I was somewhat awkward at first, but gradually got on to it.¹ . . .

By Friday I became pretty sick of the food and crowd, and was just about in generous mood, but managed to keep my limited share of food for my own use a little longer. Saturday there was a great and sudden delay. All the boats seem to collect and wait for the ones in the rear. The *Olivette*, a Red Cross boat, came alongside, and we lowered a boat to take off our sick. Three men, very feeble with some fever, reported malaria, were carried to the lower deck and passed out the hole in starboard side.

¹ In the manual drills which we had twice a day on our way over, he made such rapid progress and was so earnest in his work, that he called forth a number of compliments from Capt. Huston.—*Letter to Mrs. Miller from Lieut. Goodrich.*

Saturday, the 12th, I had my hair cut, in fact shingled, and indulged in a most excellent shave also. We sighted land Friday, and from all indications it was Cuban soil. We later passed a sailing boat that carried mail from Cuban points to Nassau. Saturday passed with land in sight most of the day. At night I saw an incident which but indicates our point of desperation in search of food. A K. man of N. Y., sat upon the side of the cook's dining room door, and when he thought no one was looking, reached in stealthily, grabbed a plate that had some gravy left from a meal, and drank it from the dish. I was somewhat surprised, but probably would have done the same thing myself. Men offered any price for food, or even a scrap of bread from the kitchen. I had felt "bum" all day and could eat nothing. The coffee was "rotten," and I took just a sip in the morning, with two bits of hard tack for breakfast, a sardine for dinner, which Bill Larned gave me, and had nothing for supper, hoping to work a pull I had arranged in the kitchen; but the fool cook went baek on me. I had spoken to Bob Wrenn, Bill Larned, Teddy, Holt and Hill, so we were all disappointed. Holt, Bob and I went in search of anything we could get from the kitchen, and Teddy went with Doc. I was never so craving for even a crust of bread. The steward had ordered no

one to sell anything, so the cooks did it on the sly only, and charged enormously and made tremendous money, so that they soon became terribly independent and domineering. We waited from seven until nearly ten down in a dark old alley, driven about by the guard and cooks like cattle. Holt thought he had a pull on some food, but it, too, failed. Finally Teddy and Doc bought a loaf of fresh bread for a quarter. They called me, and I "did not do a thing" to that bread. I never had bread taste so good. We saved some for the others; so I did not get half enough. We used all means of persuasion, and had a plot to break into the cook's mess, but could not accomplish it. Bob Wrenn, unbeknown to us, had succeeded in buying from one of the crew his supper of dry bread, bacon and a little bologna. We were leaving and had the most dejected spirits, when, suddenly, Bob produced this plate of stuff. I almost fell on his neck. It is needless to say that we stood on no ceremony, but pitched right in. That certainly braced me up, for I felt much better next day. We sneaked back, stepping over and on about every other person, being cursed as we went along for the same, until I found Teddy, with my blankets and bed, waiting for me in A. quarters.

Sunday, 19th. Awoke to-day feeling much better, and in good shape; but as I put on my

clothes, I looked through my pocket-book, as is my custom in the morning, and lo and behold, all my cash was gone. I told Teddy and then went to Serg. Hill and told him exact circumstances. We decided to take it directly to Capt. Huston, which Serg. Hill did, in his official capacity. In the meantime I dressed, and said nothing to anyone else, but thought a good deal. I had the man spotted after recalling a few incidents of the day before—viz.: I had been ill, and, in consequence, dozed about our squad a good deal. Man asked me to change two dollars. I gave him two silver dollars, and placed the bill in my pocketbook, which I kept in my front, left hand, pants pocket. I did this without standing, so suspected that I might have placed it insecurely and not far down in the pocket. I noticed the bills were there then, but that was the last I knew of it. But a circumstance later placed a man in prominence in the case. A man who has been accused several times, and was caught stealing the day we left Tampa, and reported to the Captain for taking Teddy's blanket, came to me about five o'clock Saturday, and carefully explained to Teddy and me how he had lent a man a nickle to shoot for him in a game of craps. He had won thereby two dollars and chances of further earnings. I put all the facts before the Captain when he called for me,

and told him my suspicions. He thought them so well founded that he decided to call — to his room, search him without questions, and get the money. I had hardly the faintest hope of recovering even a part of my money among so many men; but what was my astonishment when I was summoned to the Captain, and there was — and the Capt. with another officer. They asked me to identify the bills. This I could not do, as I had marked no peculiarity about them; but one bill, a twenty, was a brown back, and this I felt quite sure was mine. I told the denominations of the others, and just how I had them folded, etc., and then they excused me. There is, in my mind, no question about the man's guilt; but he has a splendid story worked up, and claims to have witnesses to back it. As I write now, nothing has been done to my knowledge, except his arrest. To-day we were ordered by the Flagship to drop back and accompany the *City of Washington*, the transport that was near the Maine when she was blown up. The *City of Washington* is towing an ammunition supply schooner, so goes more slowly than the rest. We made a large circle and rounded up alongside. While doing so, the *Bancroft* fired a shot signal to us to stop, and immediately ran alongside, and inquired why we had dropped back. There was some difficulty in understanding at the distance

as we had no megaphone aboard. The Commander of the *Bancroft*, after getting the desired information, and "calling down" our Captain for not reporting change of orders, asked what troops were aboard, and upon reply from the Capt., the ROUGH RIDERS with Roosevelt and Wood, there went up a great shout from the marines aboard the *Bancroft*, answered by a cheer for the Navy from our boat. It was tremendously inspiring. Later the *Bancroft* steamed alongside, and asked how Cols. Wood and Roosevelt were, and our men replied, almost in one voice; "he's all right." We saw a good deal of rolling hills of Cuba, and it certainly was a welcome sight. I was told about noon that I was to go on guard to-night—not a very welcome announcement—but I was feeling so good in spirits about finding my money that I did not take it hard. We all got together in A. quarters, and lay on our backs in a crowd and jollied up. Also had a fine time telling stories in the afternoon with Webb, Teddy and Hill. The — incident brought up the subject of thieves; so we had a fine line of stories. My Hood¹ experience, etc., added greatly to the enjoyment of the hour. I mounted guard at five and was on second relief, so had time for a talk with —, who was one of

¹An allusion to an incident of Theodore's life in New York.

seven prisoners in the guardhouse. He said the money was given him by his parents when he left San Antonio.

I was posted down in the hold and went on at seven. During my second guard, Lieut. Goodrich came down and we had a little talk. This post I had was to guard dynamite, and I had to keep very strict watch about lights, etc. We had service in the morning, and I sang in the choir next to Col. Roosevelt. Very good sermon on "Respect." We have a very good Chaplain. The band played to lead the singing. In the morning I put out my washing, and trailed my dog tent, pants, handkerchiefs, socks and towels. They trailed all day and night. We saw land most of afternoon, beautiful rolling hills, and toward evening the *Helena* and *Olivette*, and two other vessels, appeared off our port amidship, and soon came close by.

Monday, June 20th. This morning I awoke with the call of the Serg. of guard at seven. Cuba appeared off our starboard. The same rolling hills and mountains, with clouds hanging in the summits—a beautiful sight. I went with the second relief to my post, so missed most of the scenery. During my time I was writing my Diary, and had borrowed a list of boats from Babcock, Troop K., and was copying it, when Dade Goodrich came around as Officer of the Day to inspect the guards. He

told me I was not allowed to write or do anything beside watch when on guard. So when I returned to guardhouse, or hurricane deck, Dunham copied the following for me:—

1. Miami,	9th Cav., 6th Inf.
2. Santiago,	9th Inf., 1 Batt., 10th Inf., Gen. Kent.
3. Gussie,	50 Packers, 300 Mules.
4. Cherokee,	Part of 12th & 7th Inf.
5. Seneca,	8th Inf., 1 Batt. 2nd Mass. Vol.
6. Alamo,	1 Bat. Engineers and 1 Bat. 10th Inf.
7. Comal,	2 Lt. Bat. 1st Art. 1 Fld. Hospital & Horse.
8. Yucatan,	8 Troops 1st U. S. V. C. 2 Co.'s 2nd Inf.
9. Berkshire,	21t. Batteries, 2nd Art.
10. Whiting,	350 Mules and Packers.
11. Olivette,	Press Gang (Clear cha. to Hospital).
12. Seguranca,	1st Inf., 15th Army Corps Hdqrs.
13. Knickerbocker,	Part of 22nd Inf.
14. Concho,	4th & 25th Inf. 1 Bat. 2 Mass. V.
15. Florida,	Disabled.
16. City of Washington,	24th Inf. and 1 Bat. 21st Inf.
17. Allegheny,	3rd & 6th Cav. General Wheeler.
18. San Marcos,	16th Inf. and 1 Bat. 2nd Inf.
19. Decatur H. Miller,	Part of 7th Inf.
20. Saratoga,	13th Inf. & 1 Bat. 21st Inf.
21. Leona,	1st & 10th Cav. and Gen. Young.
22. Rio Grande,	190 Horses.
23. Vigilancia,	71st N. Y. Inf.
24. Orisaba,	22nd Inf., Siege Guns & 2nd Corps Heavy Art.
25. Iroquois,	17th & part of 12th Inf.
26. Matteawan,	Gen. Bates, 20th Inf. 2 Troops 2nd Cav.
27. Avangus,	Horses & Transports & 3rd Inf.
28. Stillwater,	Troop A. 2nd Cav.
29. Breakwater,	3rd Inf.
30. Morgan,	Troop C. 2nd Cav.
31	B. & D.
32.	2nd Inf.

Batt. is 4 Companies. All Regulars, except 1st U. S. V. Cavalry, 2nd Mass. Inf., 71st N. Y. Inf. The above is the complete authorized list of ships in fleet.

When I left my post I was ordered to appear before Col. Wood, and fixing myself up with white handkerchief and dossy uniform, appeared at the officers' quarters. Col. Wood had summoned Scott and Wright also, to question us in regard to the — incident. We all told our stories and he dismissed us. The guilt of — is still in question, but evidence is certainly against him. I returned to guard deck, and soon sent out again to my post. The quartermaster appeared soon, and took rations out of hold. About noon we caught up with some of the fleet, and waited just off Guantanamo, a splendid harbor, where a number of boats were anchored. Soon the *Bancroft* came alongside, and commanding officer shouted the news of an engagement which occurred a week ago Sunday, between U. S. Marines and Spaniards in a stronghold at this place. The fighting lasted one hundred hours with eight hundred.

Tuesday, 21st. Saw water-spout and two whales. Anxious moments all day, having come near Santiago. Soon we got our orders, and that night I took a lunch with Lieut. Goodrich in his stateroom, and learned from him and Carr our plans. The expedition to land in three columns about six or seven miles apart, and unite to advance on Santiago. Plan to seize the water supply of Santiago and starve them out; then advance on city.

CHAPTER VII

WEDNESDAY, 22nd. This morning "Reveille" sounded at half past three, and we packed everything ready for landing. About seven o'clock the bombardment of the shore in front of our column, the center one. The *New York* and *New Orleans*, with several gunboats and small yachts, carried on a fierce fire, and cleared the woods at the S. A. I. Co.'s Pier. Dupree Hall planted the American flag on top of hill first of all, thus giving the honor to our Regiment.¹ The Cuban forces met our men at the pier. Our Company did not disembark until about six o'clock P. M., and learned from Cubans that 1,000 Spaniards had been driven back. No resistance from Spaniards at landing. We camped in this little settlement all night; made a little hut out of ponchoes. Had

¹ As it was shown the cheers rose from the regiment on land and were echoed by the troops on the ships, and soon the ships whistled all together. It was certainly an inspiring occasion and a day that will never leave my memory.—*Letter from Theodore Miller to his family, June 23.*

cocoanuts, chilies and good water. Herald man took pictures of our hut.

Next day. Goodrich ate supper with me. Wrote letters to Bill Judd and Pop Baldwin, and a long one to mother. Must mention drowning of colored soldiers at pier. Two drowned in our sight. Capt. O'Neil jumped for them. Mules poorly treated. Great delight in landing, and men in good spirits. Learned a little Cuban Spanish. The Cubans advanced as scouts, and we took a rest over night.¹

Thursday. Had lot of cocoanuts and rested at this place. Packed up about three o'clock under marching orders. Were among advance and started off on a terrible march. . . . Great deal of climbing, and the starting and stopping was terribly tiresome. Passed through very tropical scenes and groves of cocoanut trees. Started out in fours, but soon changed to twos, and finally single file, through deep thicket. . . . Our packs were terribly

¹ My experience thus far has paid me for any sacrifice I have made, and I would not have missed it for anything. The voyage, made long by delays, was rather uneventful and monotonous. The food was poor and we traveled so slowly that it made us impatient, but now that we are here it does certainly feel fine to have a change from that vessel. The last two days made up for the others in interest. . . . The bombardment was a sight of a life-time, and we had a splendid position to view it from, lying just a short distance from the shore directly off the objective point.—*Letter from Theodore Miller to his family, June 23.*

heavy, and a man without a haversack had to carry shovel or axe or pick. I carried both quite a distance. We arrived at the place the left column had landed, where quite a settlement was. A railroad had been ruined by Spaniards, but was repaired by our forces and put in working order, by finding scattered pieces. Arrived about eight o'clock, after outstripping all regiments, and became advance guard of our forces. Hundreds of men dropped out and kept coming into camp for some time. Started to rain soon after Teddy arrived, and I fixed him up with his rubber blanket and cooked something for him.¹ He was badly² done up. After shower he got up while I was away in search of water and port wine, which had been thrown about by barrelfuls before we arrived. On my return, Bill Larned was with him, and they were drying their clothes before the fire. I cooked me some coffee then and got my bed arranged, but did not get to sleep until nearly twelve, after drying clothes thoroughly, a precaution I always take. The

¹ I had a genuine admiration for him for the quiet, earnest, willing and unselfish elements that were so apparent in his character. His watchful, constant care of his friend and "bunk," Teddy Burke, could not fail to attract attention.—*Letter to Mr. Miller from H. K. Love, Troop D., 1st U. S. V. C.*

² His kindness to me when I was ill could not have been greater had I been his own brother.—*Letter to Mr. Miller from Teddy Burke.*

march was the feat of the day; about eleven miles, through terrible sands and mud and thicket; but we made it in shorter time than the Regulars. They say there was a newspaper's influence brought to bear to lengthen and hasten the march, but I hardly believe that. Most of it was made on double quick, and the catching up after helping on Teddy, was very trying. We slept well that night;

Friday, 24th. Teddy wanted to go terribly, but was out of his head and talked incessantly about Polo match, which he thought he was playing and had been hurt. I reported him and let Bill Larned and Bob know about him. Saw Surgeon La Motte . . . no Surgeon was to stay, so those left behind had to take care of themselves and each other. I helped Teddy to a house and fixed up his roll and money matters, and did all I could to make him comfortable, and said good-bye. . . . He was rational before I left.

We started our march about six o'clock A. M., and went straight up over the mountains with a terrible climb. We advanced in single file most of the way; and, after a march of three miles, by a side path to avoid the main road. Suddenly heard a few stray shots; then volley after volley. We halted, and, at order, dropped behind a ridge; then

came order along to advance and load guns and magazines. Then we pushed on, hearing stray bullets in the trees. Soon Capt. Huston started out to the left and climbed through a fence. We all followed as regularly as possible, hearing this firing constantly. We advanced a few paces and then dropped, prepared to fire, and fired some shots; but seeing nothing of the Spaniards, and recognizing our own men, tried to get all to stop firing. This was the hardest thing to do. To keep men from firing was almost impossible in the excitement; but it was amazing to see how cool our raw volunteers were. Simpson and I seemed to turn up together everywhere. We tried to keep with our Company, but lost it, and in advancing down hill met other men. Beal and Newcomb were fighting on my right next to me, and on orders to return to Company, I saw poor Beal twisting on ground. He asked to be helped. I stopped to tell him to bind his leg above the wound, which showed plainly above the knee. Right here was the greatest fire, and, coming from the rear, we thought it must be another of our own Companies; but it was the Spaniards, as we learned. Orders strictly forbade us to stop to help in action, so I had to leave him. We collected our Company under Lieut. Carr, and waited. Soon advance was ordered, and Simpson and I hurried down the hill ahead,

but soon became separated from the rest of our troops, and fell in with F. Troop awhile, under Capt. Luna, the Mexican; but soon Capt. Huston turned up alone, and Simpson and I stuck to him. Soon we found a man of F. shot in the arm. We helped him back under a tree, and an emergency bag man was there. Cols. Wood and Roosevelt soon turned up, and we had a sort of rendezvous there under the trees. We advanced a short distance and found Stewart and Bob. We looked across the valley and saw Cubans (?) lined up behind entrenchments, and, before firing on them, I had asked Capt. Huston if they were Cubans or Spaniards. He called Col. Wood, and it was decided that they were Cubans; but I still had my doubts. Stewart decided for himself and opened fire. We soon fell in with our Troop, and made a wide forward swing to the left, going through a large patch of Cuban palmetto plants, and on through a plantation house, a complete wreck as a habitation; but the thatched roof and walls were somewhat intact. On we went, through thickets, etc., to a ravine, and on about 200 yards, where I decided to drop my roll, or a portion of it, which I did not actually need. From this point we heard the recall from a bugle, so retreated to ravine, where our Troop re-organized under Capt. Huston, Lieuts. Carr and Goodrich. They

discovered water at some distance down the ravine, so we sent detail down for water. We had no firing after leaving the general force of the left wing, and became only the advance skirmish line. While lying in the ravine, a regular officer came up and informed us that Major Brodie had been shot, and that Capt. Huston was to take charge of left wing. We lined up and advance was ordered; and I, with MacMillan, Wolf, Hill, et al., advanced through the mill and down a dense thicket, cutting our way through with knives, but, finding nothing, we returned to our former station, where Cols. Roosevelt and Wood and the staff officers were, who had been there before. We had quite a rest here, and a plan of guard was planned. Roosevelt went to the left. We advanced with Hill's squad to hold the mill, and E. advanced to the right. We stayed in the mill for two hours under Serg. Hill. Lieut. Goodrich was there early in the guard. Lieut. Carr came in several times, and Capt. Huston inspected the post. We left this post about five o'clock, and, meeting our troop, lined up in front of sugar factory or distillery, used as hospital by us, while other troops advanced by us; and soon we came up to our camp, crossing the main road from Juragua to Quasimas, the scene of the battle. The battle itself lasted about two hours and a half, from about eight thirty to

eleven. The shots seemed to come from all sides, . . . but we fooled the Spaniards by taking the less frequented road, and advancing in spite of fire. Our loss in the Regiment was 9 killed and 31 wounded. Total loss, 17 killed and sixty wounded. Our Rapid Fire gun was rendered useless by the escape of a packer with a mule which carried the ammunition, etc. Capt. Capron shot two Spaniards just before he was killed.

Hamilton Fish was shot through the heart and died instantly.

Old Doc Doherty was shot in the head, and I think died very soon. I saw Ham the night before at Juragua, and had quite a talk with him.

Pitched camp about five o'clock, and turned in early. I slept in a tent cover and was quite comfortable; but about two o'clock Russell came along without anything, not even a coat. I built a fire and he found two coats, and slept rest of night. We were liable to be attacked, so were somewhat excited all night. I was detailed to carry in dead, and brought Dawson from F. Troop. Fish and seven others were brought right to camp and laid near the hospital.



HAMILTON FISH, JR.

Saturday, June 25th.¹ Rustled a fine breakfast from 2nd Mass., next to us, and pitched a good tent. About eleven o'clock the troops were called to ranks, and filed out to the grave dug just outside the camp by the road. It was decided by the Col. that they had best be buried on the scene of their sacrifice. The service was conducted by the Chaplain of our Regiment, and the men were covered with branches and sticks, then the dirt thrown on. Ham Fish was the body at the end of grave, near the hospital quarters. It was a very impressive occasion. The bugle was blown as a parting salute, instead of firing, and the troops were dismounted. I shaved for the first time

¹ The morning after our first action, that upon June 24th, I started for the spring—a considerable distance from camp—with a number of canteens for water, including that of your good boy. The canteens filled, I started to return, when some thirsty soldiers marching forward from the rear coming up, I passed the water to them, and, refilling, hurried for camp. Just as I reached it I met the Mass. boys (I think it was) starting for the front, and they had not had opportunity to fill their canteens. The result was that while that in mine lasted they drank, and I turned into camp empty-handed. One of our corporals hastened to meet me to secure his canteen. As I handed it to him I explained the cause of its emptiness. His face took on an expression of utter contempt and disgust, and he turned on his heel without a word. I went to your son and repeated word for word, as nearly as I could, my excuse. "That is all right, Love, I am just as much obliged,"—and he was, more than likely, more obliged.—*Letter to Mr. Miller from H. K. Love, Troop D., 1st U. S. V. C.*

since the Saturday before, and rested, for it was terribly hot and I was tired. Bob Wrenn wanted me to go for water and a bath, which we did, and had a great trip up the stream in search of clear water.¹ I had gone to the lower stream the night before, so we went to the other. Had an excellent bath. On our return we looked up Holt, and we walked over the battlefield together.² Found my discarded stuff, with exception of blanket and gloves, in just the same place I opened it up—the farthest advanced point of any forces in the left wing. Returned

¹ At a time when many of us were complaining of the food and the hard work he was conspicuous for his good humor; if by chance he agreed with the complainer, it was done in some joking way that acted like a tonic to one's spirits. In this connection I remember my feelings on an afternoon shortly after our first engagement;—too dirty to be comfortable, but so tired out that the walk of half a mile to the nearest stream seemed an impossibility. I lay in my tent decidedly miserable. It took Theodore only a few minutes to persuade me to join him for a swim, such as we could get, and he had talked me into so cheerful a frame of mind before our return that I look back on that afternoon as one of my pleasantest in Cuba.—*Letter to Mr. Miller from Robert Wrenn.*

² It was the day after our first fight, and in going over the battlefield with me Ted [Theodore] had found his knapsack, in which he had several small boxes of matches—an article very scarce in camp. Returning we met some of the 2nd Cavalry resting by the road. We stopped to talk with them, and one of them asked us for a match, saying that no one in his troop had any. "Have some of these," Ted said, and thereupon gave away every box he had to the delighted soldiers.—*Letter to Mr. Miller from H. J. Holt.*

to camp and found, much to my surprise, Teddy Burke sitting in our tent. We chatted awhile, and then went over to Bob and Bill and had a talk over. Teddy told of the reports that had come into Juragua. Teddy seemed quite well, but looked tired and weak. We fixed up supper and soon turned in for the night. Teddy slept at the bottom, and we all rolled down on him. The next morning we were to advance, so orders were to rise early and be prepared to march. We anticipated another scrap, but learned later that we were not to be the advance.

Sunday, June 26th. Teddy seemed pretty bad this morning, so he went to hospital, and La Motte said he had a very high fever and could not come any further. He lay down in the hospital under their care. I went up to see him and had a talk; then saw Doc. La Motte, who said he had a severe case of typhoid fever, and must go back immediately. We decided that I should keep his rubber blanket, thanks to Teddy, and I made it as comfortable for him as possible. Then I thought I could help him in town, and got permission from the Captain, after a lot of red tape, and fixed up everything in my pack, and put it with hospital stuff. The Regiment started off and we stayed behind and saw them off. . . . Soon the mules came and we all mounted. I took my

gun and cartridge belt. I told Davis and Whitney about Teddy, and Whitney came over to see him before we left. Got in town all right by the side road, and over the ground we came on. Teddy simply went through on his sand. Arrived in town about noon, and found the hospital O. K. Capt. or Serg. Winter took care of Teddy, because Remington had spoken to him the night before about Teddy. He was a fine man, and let me help Teddy all I could. I cooked a most delicious meal out of bacon, hard tack fried and sugar on it, and coffee. I had some beans too, which the cook gave me. The port wine which I mentioned above as being at this place, was stored in barrels in the hospital; and while I was there Rhodes tried to rustle some for me, but I was disappointed, for he could not get any out while I was there. I walked down the beach after dinner, and tried to get some tobacco. Succeeded in getting only a Cuban cigar from a Cuban, for which I gave some hard tack, which I happened to have taken with me from camp.

Several Regiments were encamped on the beach, and several men were in swimming. I inquired of some 71st Regiment men for Mitchell, whom I saw at Tampa, and also Bruch, the latter of whom had remained in N. Y. C. They were making good use of the R. R., and the little village took on a tone of

hustling never before known to its history, I am sure. It had an entirely different aspect to that known to us from our first visit.

I returned to the Hospital, and after seeing the fellows again, started back to camp alone about 3:15. Met several men. Some walked on a way with me, talking about the battle; and later, I met the newspaper correspondent who came on the *Yucatan*. We had a good chat, and I traded some water for some matches, and passed on. Arrived at our old camp Quasimas, about 4:30 (very good time) and found that the hospital stuff had not gone yet. In our camp were two Cubans picking up stuff that they could find, and they came across a Bible. I explained to them by motions and signs that it was our religious book, and they seemed to understand quite well. I rested there a moment, and then took a note to Col. Wood from Corporal Cowden, in charge of stuff at camp. Met two pack trains of mules returning from carrying commissary stuff to the Regiment. I fell in with a 1st Cavalryman, and walked to camp with him. On our way a Cuban Regiment was just breaking camp, and filed out into the road. They are a queer lot. Very small men and horses, and irregular equipment. They carry bags and cocoanut shells, and all sorts of crude apparatus for cooking. They resemble our colored peo-

ple of the North, in that they have a more intelligent and refined character in their faces. Not so black as our negroes, and much more active and energetic. They seem greatly pleased to see all these U. S. soldiers, and there is a twinkle in every eye as you look at them. Cuba Libre is their call, and they smiled all over when we shouted that at them.

After some difficulty we found our camp, and I at once reported to Col. Wood, and delivered the note I had for him. Then reported to Dr. La Motte the message from Capt. Winter; and while there at headquarters Doc. La Motte spoke to Col. Roosevelt of my voluntary trip to town, and the Col. turned and thanked me for it, calling me by name. Caspar Whitney was there and we talked about Teddy quite a deal. The camp I found very comfortable at first, with a fine stream running just behind it, and furnishing splendid water. The ground was level and well grassed, so everything looked favorable; but when it rains it is too low to shed the water, and will be damp continually, I am afraid. I found that my squad had put up a double tent, and had things fixed pretty well. I could not get my blankets that night, so bunked on the rest, with a poncho only.

Monday, June 27th. Loafed about and rested all day in camp, and it was so terribly hot that I could hardly move. I was notified that I was

to be put on guard duty at five, so began resting up for it early in the day. I reported at five o'clock at the guardhouse, and was put on second relief, so returned to tent for supper. Bill Larned was on third relief, but I saw little of him that night. I brought back my rubber blanket and another woolen blanket, coat, etc., and fixed up place for night in guardhouse. Went on at seven and had post No. 4 at the end of our rows of tents, between first Regular Cav. and our camp. Had orders to keep all Cubans out, and stop all suspicious persons. We are not the advance Regiment now, so our guard duty is not so exciting as it might be.

Extreme post is called Pickets.

Next to that is called Bedettes.

Next to that is called Reserve Com.

Next to that is called Support Regiment.

General Wheeler's headquarters are not far from our camp, so we have practically no advance guard duty. The first day's scouting was done by our Troop under Lieuts., and some extras are sent out, but our actual duty is little in this regard. The nights are beautiful, and I had the full benefit of their charm between one and three on this night. Had no trouble of any sort, and allowed the time to pass as rapidly as possible. I was on again at seven.

Tuesday, June 28th. This day was passed on guard duty, with the same routine. The

passing of troops along the road varied the monotony somewhat. Between one and three I was on duty again, and it began to rain early. It was a shower at first, and I thought it was over, so did not stop to get any protection. Soon it came down again and simply poured. I never saw it rain harder for two hours consecutively. Perhaps that is exaggerated, considering our Chautauqua rains. I soon was wet, then became careless, and consequently wetter, then absolutely drenched. When my time was up I went to guardhouse and stripped, put on a dry coat and blanket, and built a fire with great difficulty, on account of dampness. Soon we had guard mount, and I was dismissed. Went to my tent and cooked a little supper, fixed my gun up, and turned in early.

Wednesday, June 29th. Bill Larned came around this morning to get me to go out for a tramp toward the city of Santiago. I asked the Captain and he threw me down hard; so we tried to get permission to go back to Juragua, since Teddy had written me a note asking me to come in and see him. We found we could not go in, for the very unpleasant announcement of old guard fatigue duty met our ears, and we were told to report to headquarters. I was put on a detail, under Lieut. Goodrich, to repair the road. We looked up picks, shovels, etc., and started out, reminding

me very much of the street cleaning gang at home, as they used to file out of the station house. We first marched down the road a quarter of a mile, and there met a Regular officer, who ordered us back again. The road was a simple stream of mud, with a spattering of huge rocks. We found our place, and began picking out the big stones and broadening the road. This is the main road from Juragua to Santiago, but having been used for mules and carrying only, was not fit for wagons; so we have to fix it up for the army wagons continually passing. We are improving the country to that extent anyway. Later we went up the road, and with a detail from 2nd Infantry, colored troops, built a turn off for empty wagons returning. Had dinner later, and was just about tuckered out with the work on the road in the hot sun, when orders came to report at one o'clock at H. Q. for further orders. We found waiting for us here a job that had been attempted by Bill Larned and his squad in the morning, and consisted of building some benches for the officers' mess. At noon the officers were thoroughly enjoying their meal, sitting on their benches, when R. H. Davis came along with his plate and cup, and sat down with a comfortable relaxation, when it suddenly crashed under his weight. It became our duty, and I suppose, privilege, to build an-

other stronger one in place of this broken one. It was threatening rain when we came, so I brought a poncho with me, and, sure enough, as we started work, it began to pour. We took shelter under officers' headquarters and waited for rain to stop; then finished our work. We thought this would certainly end our day's work, but decided differently when they ordered us over to help unload the commissary stuff, hard tack, bacon, tents, etc., by the wagon load. Bill Larned and I got aboard one wagon to load up some stuff to take down to another Regiment. We had quite a ride and a terrible shaking up, but did not report back at the squad, thus escaping, perhaps, a lot more of work. We had certainly done our legitimate share, as some days the fatigue duty is omitted altogether. I felt pretty well done up that night, and had the first bad feelings, a pain in my stomach, which I think came from eating so much grease, and perhaps from my wetting. I had felt great the last few days, in fact, never better in my life; but our food has been nothing but bacon, hard tack and coffee.



R. H. DAVIS

We fried our bacon, then took the grease and fried hard tack, sometimes having soaked it in water before frying, but generally without. But such is army life, and one must take it as it is. I am satisfied. Things to-day looked as though we were going to stay here for weeks to come. There was a rumor of an armistice, but not verified. We are only a few miles from the city, which can be seen from the top of the hills near by. They say it is strongly fortified, and a formidable antagonist. We hope that we may capture it as a Fourth of July celebration. I turned in early to-night.

I end this here and mail it home.

Thursday, June 30th. This morning my surprise was complete at the arrival of mail. A letter from mother, Mame, Grace, Brown, Judd, telegram from father. Teddy had a big batch. Sent them to him.

About two o'clock, after we had spent morning in fixing up our camp, orders came to break camp; so we packed up and got under way about four o'clock; marched about two miles, and arrived by moonlight on an eminence about two miles and a half from the city. Passed several Cuban Regiments. Arrived about ten o'clock after tiresome march, on account of delay. Camp was an old building, mostly in ruins, occupied by Cubans. Probably a monastery. Had cold supper and turned in soon.

Friday, July 1st. A week ago had our battle. I went up on a hill in advance, and got a glimpse of an outpost; small village occupied by Spaniards. Bombarding began about twenty minutes after six, and was centered on a small village in our rear. About an hour later, after constant bombardment, a skirmish took place. Must stop. Now in line. Good-bye; will send this. Please excuse mistakes, for I have written in a hurry.

CHAPTER VIII

THE last entry in Theodore's diary was made as he stood in line, awaiting the order to advance against the outposts of Santiago. Soon after sunrise on the first of July, the American field artillery had begun to bombard the trenches in front of the city. The Spaniards replied, and a large shell exploded just over the heads of the Rough Riders. For a time the troops were ordered to protect themselves beyond the crest of a neighboring hill. Soon the order to advance was received. The command made a detour of a mile and a half. Leaving behind their heavy packs, they crossed a stream and entered an open field. Through this they made their way by a series of rushes until they gained the protection of a stream which had cut its course between rather steep banks. The men stood knee-deep in water, while the bullets whistled over their heads and the shrapnel burst with startling frequency. After a half hour of this trying experience, the troops were ordered into an adjoining field. Again they pushed on toward the enemy. The Rough Riders arrived in time to take part in a

charge upon a blockhouse, of which the Americans soon gained possession. From this point of vantage they fired into the trenches of a second position which the enemy had taken near another blockhouse. Lieutenant Goodrich at this time lay down in the firing line beside Theodore, and reports him as "enjoying himself immensely." It is easy to fancy with what ardor Theodore had taken part in the day's fighting.¹

After a brief rest the troops were again ordered to advance. Just as they were about to reach the protection of a rise of ground, a volley from the Spanish mausers was poured into their line. Five men dropped almost at the same instant, and among them was Theodore. Love, who was near him, called:

"Miller, I will come to you in a minute."

"That is all right, Love, don't bother about me," was the response.²

Holt, another comrade, remained with his wounded friend, who whispered:

"I'm going, Harry, but it's in a good cause, isn't it?"³

¹ When he was wounded a little later, his belt contained thirty cartridges of the original supply of one hundred and ten.
—*Letter of A. P. Russell, Sept. 29, 1898.*

² From a letter of H. K. Love to Mr. Lewis Miller, dated Camp Wykoff, Aug. 23, 1898.

³ From a letter of Harrison Jewell Holt to Mr. Lewis Miller (undated), written in Aug. or Sept., 1898.

Within a short time Lieutenant Goodrich hastened up. The first examination disclosed in the left shoulder, a wound which the men did not regard as serious. A closer examination, however, revealed a second wound in the right shoulder. It was then evident that the bullet had entered the left shoulder, been deflected by the shoulder blade, had traversed the body, and passed out through the right shoulder. The spinal cord had been so injured that the body below the shoulders was paralyzed.

Theodore was unwilling at first to have his friends remain with him, and urged them to go to the front. He whispered in the ear of Lieutenant Goodrich that he found it hard to breathe, but that otherwise he felt little pain. The Lieutenant directed two men to look after his old playfellow, secured the services of a hospital attendant, and then hastened back to his post of duty.¹

In a short time six privates² were detailed to carry Theodore to the division hospital. They cut two poles, between which they fast-

¹ This account of the day is based chiefly upon statements in a letter of Lieutenant Goodrich to Mrs. Lewis Miller, dated Camp Hamilton, Santiago de Cuba, Aug. 5, 1898.

² "When he was shot they detailed Messrs. Harry Holt, Dorcy Miller, Ben. Miller, Loughmiller, my brother, and myself to carry him back to the division hospital." — *Letter of Clare H. Stewart to Miss Mary Miller, Nov. 6, 1898.*

ened a blanket, and upon this rude stretcher they bore their comrade to the recently captured blockhouse, which had already been turned into a hospital. Here Theodore's wound was dressed, and then the journey to the rear was resumed. The field hospital was five miles from the front. The party halted about half way at a temporary hospital camp, where the wound was dressed a second time. Thus Theodore received exceptional care very promptly after his fall.

During all the journey the wounded soldier's chief anxiety seemed to be for those who were bearing him. "Boys," he kept saying, "this is mighty good of you. I'm afraid I'm tiring you all out."¹ Although he must have suffered some physical, as well as great mental distress, his genuinely unselfish nature asserted itself. His anxiety was for others, not for himself.

The field hospital, planned for fifty wounded, was overwhelmed by the unexpected burden put upon it. Some four hundred men were lying without shelter on the ground near the hospital tents. The surgeons, however, were indefatigable, and the men, in spite of exposure, were looked after as well as the conditions would permit. Theodore's friends improvised for him a bed, and saw to it that his wound was

¹ From a letter of Harrison Jewell Holt to Lewis Miller.
(Undated.)

dressed again. With words of good cheer, to which he responded pluckily, they left him and made their way back to their command.

In the absence of exact information, it is impossible to trace in complete detail the course of events from this point to the end. From allusions in various letters it seems probable that after the first night Theodore was under shelter.



SITE OF THE HOSPITAL, SIBONEY

On the third day he was removed in an ambulance cart to Siboney. There he was put under the charge of the Red Cross Society, which had improvised fairly good hospitals from some of the abandoned buildings in the little port.

All accounts agree in asserting that Theodore had the best of care during the four days of

life which remained to him. He was under the immediate charge of Dr. and Mrs. Lesser of the Red Cross Society, and he was faithfully tended by trained nurses of that organization. Whatever hardships may have been endured by other soldiers, it would seem that Theodore was peculiarly fortunate in the skilled and sympathetic care which he received. A surgical operation was undertaken, but in the circumstances it was, of course, futile.

It is evident from many letters that Theodore, even in his hours of weakness, continued to win the admiration and friendship of all with whom he came in contact. Mrs. Lesser showed especial solicitude for him.¹ His convalescent comrades in the hospital were ever ready to sit by his side and to render such aid



DR. LESSER

¹. . . "I want to pay tribute to the Red Cross Society, in whose hospital he died, and in particular to Mrs. Lesser, who made his last few hours as easy as constant skilled care and nursing could possibly do. She made Theodore, or Teddy, as we called him, her constant and particular care." . . .

—*Letter of W. Frank Knox to Robert A. Miller, July 18, 1898.*

as they could. Toward all, Theodore showed unfailing courtesy and gratitude. Chaplain Charles H. Sage, who saw Theodore frequently in the hospital, writes feelingly:

“ Among all those who went down or suffered in the struggle and with whom I came in contact and became somewhat acquainted, during my service in Siboney, I found no one more resigned, more brave, and more thankful for the few little favors that we were enabled to give him than was your brother.”¹

Mr. Caspar Whitney, who visited Theodore in the hospital, says:

“ He was resting comfortably; he had no pain; and yet the character of his wound was such that every word uttered was a great effort; yet he never failed to gasp, ‘thank you,’ to every little attention, and appeared to worry more lest he give his friends trouble than about his hurt. He was a brave boy in the ranks, and a most patient, considerate, and truly brave one in the hospital.”²

The letters show some difference of opinion as to the acuteness of Theodore’s physical suffering. The weight of testimony seems to be

¹ From a letter to John V. Miller, Sept. 24, 1898.

² From a letter to Mr. Lewis Miller, dated Nov. 1, 1898.



MRS. LESSER

in favor of the theory that he suffered little pain, other than the sense of oppression in breathing. It was obviously difficult for him to speak, but it is a source of satisfaction to his family and friends to believe that he was spared acute bodily suffering.

It is also hard to say whether he realized that his wound was mortal.¹ He seems to have taken a cheerful view of the situation, and it is known that he was especially anxious to have the brightest side of his case reported to his mother. This anxiety for her, however, would be so natural to him that he would in any event wish only the most favorable news to reach her. Whether he knew or not that his recovery was impossible, he showed consistently to the very end the genuine Christian courtesy and manly courage which were the very fibre of his character. One afternoon as Theodore lay at Siboney a letter came from his brother Robert. It was read to him by Knox, to whom the wounded soldier, in painfully drawn breaths, talked of the home at Akron, of his father and mother, and of the longed-for-return to his loved ones.

¹ Knox declares in his letter that "not till [even at] the last did he [Theodore] suspect that his end was near," while Ostrom, another hospital acquaintance, reports Theodore as saying that he was going to die and begging that his love be sent to his family.—*Letter of Albert Ostrom to Miss Mary Miller, Nov. 9, 1898.*

His last letter to his family was dictated on the seventh of July, the day before he died. It reads as follows:

"Dear Mamma: A rather narrow escape, but feel sure I will pull through all right. Teddy Burke and Mr. Remington have done all that was possible in getting extra things. Mr. Whitney offered to write you, but Mr. McClure had offered before, so he did so. You must not worry about this thing, for Dr. Lesser, who is here just now, and who is at the head of the Red Cross of America, said [I] would come out all [right] soon. He said he was going to write to you himself. They are doing everything that they can for me.

"I remain your most loving son, and will be with you soon. Good bye."

On the eighth the end came. The day before he had fallen into a stupor, from which he never fully wakened. It was a little after noon that he died. One of his hospital companions thus describes the scene:

"I sat by him the next day as long as I could sit up, and then lay down on a cot near by (I was on the sick list myself) and fell into a doze, and when I awoke he had left us. I went up and sat down, and had a long look at his face. Around the corners of his mouth were traces of that patient smile that he had worn so bravely through it all."¹

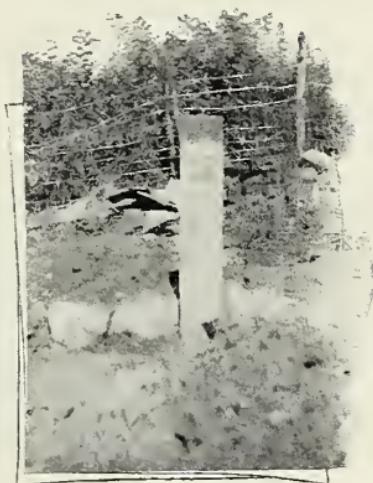
Theodore was buried the same afternoon about five o'clock by a detail from the Thirty-

¹ From a letter of W. Frank Knox to Mr. Robert A. Miller, dated, "Hampton Roads," July 8, 1898.

third Michigan Volunteers. The services were conducted by Rev. Charles H. Sage, Chaplain of that regiment. The grave was situated on a hillside back of the hospital, and overlooking the bay of Siboney.

A headboard was put in place upon which Theodore's name was marked by Mr. Knox. Later, at the suggestion of Lieutenant Goodrich, the grave was further marked by the burying of a bottle containing name and address. In this way the identity of the body was afterward established beyond any question.

The announcement of Theodore's death caused deep sorrow among his late companions in arms. Burke describes the effect of the tidings as word was passed along the picket line. "As it was whispered down the line, I saw many, who had become thoroughly hardened to the sights and suffering of war, overcome with grief, and during the rest of our relief hardly a word was spoken." Holt also comments upon the sadness of the men, and he reports one westerner as saying, "He [Theodore] was sure *all*



THE GRAVE AT SIBONEY

right"—the highest praise which the cowboy can formulate.

The news of Theodore's wounding did not reach the family in Akron until the eleventh of July, when a telegram was received from John. The newspaper reports confused initials and the letters of the troops so that, although the



VIEW FROM THE SIBONEY CEMETERY

fact of Theodore's wounding was telegraphed, it was not recognized by his family.

In the following chapter Mr. John Miller describes the sad journey from Siboney to Akron. The officers of the War Department showed keen sympathy for Mr. Lewis Miller, and did all in their power to further his plans

for bringing Theodore's body home. It was due chiefly to their coöperation that the task was accomplished so easily, in circumstances which seemed peculiarly difficult and baffling.¹

¹"Great sympathy and kindness were shown to Mr. Miller by all the officials that could render any aid. Surely no complaint should be heard against so noble a set of officials who have been so willing and ready to do what was in their power to lend a helping hand when needed."—From a statement prepared by Lewis Miller in December, 1898.

CHAPTER IX¹

IT WAS not until the sixth of August that I received at Guantanamo a message from General Shafter informing me that I might go to Siboney and remove Theodore's body north. Immediately obtaining the necessary orders and permission from Admiral Sampson, I proceeded on the following morning, on the U. S. converted yacht *Vixen*, to Santiago. On my way there I made arrangements with Mr. Samuel S. Mullin to help me in my work at Siboney.



ENSIGN JOHN V. MILLER

Mr. Mullin, very fortunately, was a professional undertaker from Syracuse, and was on his way to obtain the bodies of two soldiers

¹This chapter was written by Mr. John V. Miller.

who had fallen in battle. He and his companion, Mr. A. C. Haeselbarth, immediately took great interest in my plans and with the greatest kindness offered all the assistance they could give.

We arrived in Santiago on Sunday afternoon about two o'clock. Necessary arrangements were immediately made through General Shafter and General Wood, and on the following morning we three, Messrs. Mullin, and Haeselbarth, and I, accompanied by a man from Santiago, proceeded to Siboney with the casket which father had sent from New York. We were extremely fortunate in being able to go by the railway, which had been but lately repaired for the use of the army for transporting supplies.

About eleven o'clock we arrived at Siboney, the train stopping within one hundred yards of the hospital. This occupies the place where formerly were located a few Cuban houses and huts. These had been burned some weeks before as a precaution against yellow fever. It was in one of these houses that Theodore had died.

Siboney, as it is now commonly called, but properly Altares, is a small railway settlement located on a small bay some fifteen miles east of Santiago. On either side of the bay, to the east and west, rise two high hills which form

the opening of a large valley. It was on the hill to the west that Theodore had been buried.

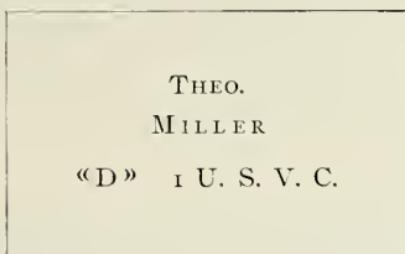


VIEW FROM THE GRAVE

At the foot of this hill the original hospital had stood, and in August the new tent hospital had taken its place. Siboney at this time consisted of these hospital tents, two railway buildings, and a small camp near the beach belonging to the commissary department of the army.

I reported at once to Major Markley, in charge of the hospital, and with him started in search of Theodore's grave, a description of which I had received from Mr. W. J. Chamberlain, the correspondent of the *New York Sun*, who had received it from the authorities of the

hospital early in July. We made our way up the path or rough trail along the edge of the hill and soon came upon an open space forming a burial ground. Upon one of the boards which marked the graves could be distinctly seen—

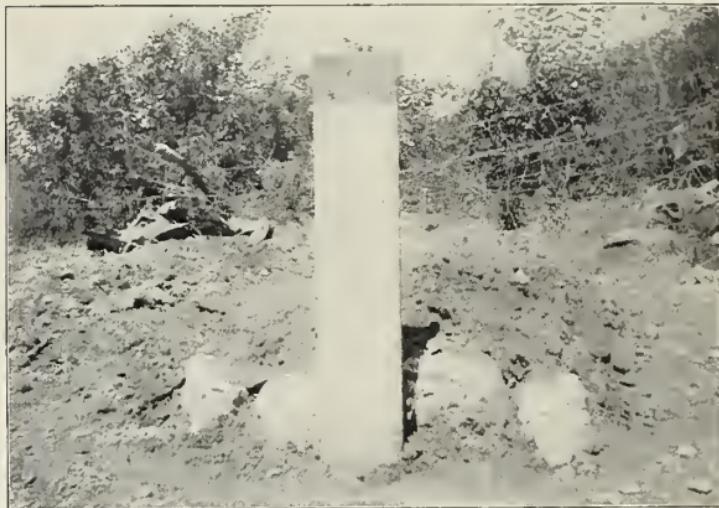


So here, just one month before, on July eighth, Theodore had been buried.

Theodore's grave, with about ten others, occupied a cleared space a little way up the hill and some six or seven hundred yards from the shore. Five of these graves were marked with boards and arranged in two rows running up the hill. Theodore's was the first one in the row towards the hospital. Close by were the ruins of an old Spanish blockhouse. From the grave could be seen, on the left, the beautiful valley running far inland, in front the small bay and the sea, and to the right the hospital tents and the shore stretching out towards Santiago. The space seemed to form a part of

an old path or trail, over which the Rough Riders had passed on their way to the battle of Las Quasimas and towards Santiago.

The grave was very distinctly marked, both by the board, on which Mr. Joseph Young and Major Bryan of the 8th Ohio Volunteers had renewed the name and marking, and by a bottle which was buried in the grave and which contained a paper on which was written Theodore's name, his troop and regiment, and his home address.



THE HEADBOARD

About two o'clock the body was transferred from the grave to the casket and carried by a detail of soldiers to the train. At three o'clock

we left Siboney and the sad journey home was begun. The railway runs close to the shore as far as Aguadores, where it turns sharply towards Santiago. At Aguadores could be seen the old fort and battlements which had been destroyed by our guns. Here, also, was the bridge which the Spaniards partly destroyed in order to prevent the Americans from using the railway for transporting troops.

At four o'clock we arrived in Santiago and the casket was immediately transported to the shipping piers and placed for the night in one of the commissary department's buildings, protected by a guard from the regular army through the kindness of Lieutenant F. H. Lawton. Very fortunately transportation was secured on *La Grande Duchesse* of the Plant system, which was to transport north one brigade of the 71st N. Y. Volunteers under Colonel Downs and the 16th Infantry of the Regular Army. Accordingly, about ten o'clock on Tuesday, August 9th, Theodore's body was placed on a barge and soon taken out to the ship. On account of the great amount of supplies to be gotten aboard, and although the captain and officers of the ship did all in their power, it was impossible to transfer the casket to the ship until late in the afternoon. It was placed in the after cabin in a place little used.

On account of an accident to the steering apparatus the ship was considerably delayed, and it was not until the following morning that we sailed out of the harbor, passing the *Merrimac*, the *Reina Mercedes*, and Morro Castle. As we passed under the shadow of this very old and interesting fortress all the men cheered, and the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" in honor of Old Glory, which waved high over the battlements. Theodore, who lay quietly in death on board the ship, had done much in gaining this place for our flag, but could not join with the rest in enjoying the glorious result of his efforts and sufferings.

The ship taking the Eastern Passage, we soon passed Aguadores, Siboney, Baiquiri, where Theodore, with the Rough Riders, had landed seven weeks before, and Guantanamo. Towards evening we rounded the end of the island, sighting the lighthouse at Cape Mairi.

All aboard were very quiet, as most of the men were too weak to be about. The ship had on board about twelve hundred men, the majority of whom occupied staterooms as the *Grande Duchesse* was a good-sized passenger ship. The band, although quite weak themselves, entertained and cheered the rest several times during the trip. The men had the regular traveling rations, but, although there was a

large supply of this aboard, it was of such a kind that, in their weak condition, few could eat it.

After a long, hard, but smooth voyage, we finally sighted Montauk Point about eleven o'clock, August 15th, and at four o'clock we had rounded the point and dropped anchor in Fort Pond Bay. Here we received the joyful news of the signing of the Protocol, which was greeted with many and very enthusiastic hurrahs by every soldier aboard, with the exception of two, for with Theodore lay another hero who had passed away to his everlasting rest that morning.

It was with a feeling of tremendous relief that we saw the shore of Long Island which was to everyone on board "home," whether we came from the west or the east, from the north or the south, for it was a part of our much beloved country. We had expected to go ashore immediately, but we were sadly disappointed. The quarantine officers, deciding that one of the three deaths which had occurred during the voyage, was due to the so-called yellow fever, compelled us to remain on the ship until all could be disinfected which, in spite of all the officers of the 71st and 16th could do, occupied four long and trying days. The sick were first removed, then the privates, and finally, on Friday, the officers.

Extremely welcome was the news, on the day after reaching Montauk, that brother Ed was on shore waiting for me. As it seemed that I would be considerably delayed on the ship, and then five days in the detention camp, it was decided that Ed should start at once for home with the casket. Accordingly late Wednesday evening it was taken ashore on the Marine Hospital Service barge where it was given over to the charge of Ed. Through unnecessary delay and misunderstanding concerning health officer's papers, he could not proceed to New York until Friday, August 19th. Upon reaching there the casket was immediately transferred to the Erie station in Jersey City.

In the meantime I had come ashore shortly after Ed left Montauk, and very unexpectedly escaped the five days' detention camp. Accordingly it was possible for me, on the following day, August 20th, to join Ed, and we, together with Charles Hemenway, left Jersey City by the Erie Railway about two o'clock in the afternoon.

At seven o'clock Sunday morning, August 21st, Theodore's body reached Akron, and was met by Father, Ira, Robert, Lew, Mr. Marvin, and Mr. Billow, who immediately took charge of the casket. Thus in silence Theodore, after an absence of eight months, returned home after a most pleasant and honored life

among the heroic Rough Riders and after a glorious death in the land of the enemy and in the front ranks of our glorious army, fighting for his country, and for a cause in which he thoroughly believed.

Although this little account has already been somewhat personal, I would like to take this opportunity to express openly my gratitude to Almighty God, who surely guided and protected me and made it possible to bring back Theodore's body to his home.

CHAPTER X

THE tidings that Theodore's body had been brought home were sent quickly to the friends who were awaiting the summons. Classmates from far and near were soon at hand. From Chautauqua, just then in session, many friends came to pay sad tribute. Letters in great number and scores of telegrams brought expressions of sympathy. A profusion of flowers transformed the library, where the coffin rested, into a fit chamber for the heroic dead. Yet, in spite of all, the tragic fact remained that human sympathy, struggle as it may, can find no voice. The conventions and symbolism of condolence are the pathetic failures of humanity. One could not fail to note however, a genuine grief in those who now visited hospitable Oak Place, for the first time a house of mourning.

With thoughtful courtesy, the Grand Army of the Republic asked the privilege of burying the young soldier with martial honors. This request was gratefully granted by the family. It was arranged that a memorial service should be held in the early afternoon,

and that afterward there should be a private service at Oak Place.

The memorial exercises were designed to do honor, not only to Theodore Miller, but to three other Akron soldiers who had lost their lives in army service. The Methodist Episcopal Church—the family church of the Millers—was chosen for the occasion. The pulpit and altar were tastefully adorned with flowers. The national colors were used effectively and served to dispel the gloomy funereal ideas which are usually associated with such a service. In spite of the sadness which all felt, there was also a sense of triumph in it all, a consciousness that it was a ceremony full of meaning for the larger national life. As the choir¹ struck the keynote of the service: "The Good Die Not," this sense of triumph grew more vivid in the great company of relatives, friends, and townsfolk who filled the large building. The addresses² served to deepen this impression. Sympathy for those who felt the keenest pangs of bereavement was expressed, but stress

¹ A double quartette including: Mrs. Henry Perkins, Mrs. S. S. Haynes, Mrs. D. L. Marvin, Mrs. Frank Seiberling, Mr. Selden Marvin, Mr. Charles Burnham, Mr. Frank Marvin, Mr. George Jackson.

² Judge N. D. Tibbals spoke in behalf of the Grand Army, and Bishop John H. Vincent delivered an address on Theodore Miller.

was laid upon the glory of the soldier's death and its value to the nation's tradition of courage, loyalty, and self-sacrifice. The service at Oak Place was brief and simple. At its close, Theodore's body was borne from the house by a group of his Yale classmates.¹ The proces-



ENTRANCE TO GLENDALE

sion to Glendale was headed by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic who led

¹ The pallbearers were: Charles R. Hemenway, Manchester, Vt.; James I. Liniaweaver, Philadelphia; Edward S. Harkness, New York; James R. Judd, Honolulu; William Darach, Germantown, Pa.; and Stephen H. Kohler, Akron, O.

the way past the scenes of Theodore's boyhood, up the valley in which he had so often played, to the portals of the beautiful inclosure. Thence the cortége wound its way up to where the sister Eva had been buried years before. A crowd of people had already gathered near the family lot, where, beneath the shadow of the graceful figure on the monument, the open grave was ready. It was not hideous with bare earth, but lined and bowered with green things and bright flowers—a quiet resting place for the hero who was to live on, not a grave to swallow up his memory.

Again a simple service—the martial liturgy of the veterans with its naïve imagery of battle and victory, a hymn, "Nearer my God to Thee"; then the lowering of the coffin and the last look. They who saw cannot soon forget the scene: The figure of the strong father supporting the frail, but brave little woman who was saying farewell to one of her cherished "little boys"; the group of brothers and sisters dumb with grief; the pale face of Jane looking from a carriage window. She had been ill for a year or more, and this blow was to hasten the end which came within a few months. Yet even Theodore's family must have been vaguely comforted by the thought that his life had been in a sense

complete. He had held up a type of manhood which by his very death would bless and inspire his fellow-men.

This the final chapter cannot, perhaps, find a more fitting conclusion than in one of the addresses¹ delivered at the memorial service. It sums up Theodore's career and interprets its meaning:—

"All good is gained at somebody's cost. In that great aggregation of individuals which we call Society, the interest, real or apparent, of the social unit, must often be sacrificed for the good of the whole.

"When the nation is in danger, or when some high call of humanity appeals to it, the individual must answer the summons. In army or navy he must go forth to face death, if need be, for the sake of the nation.

"Going forth in obedience to such a call, he represents the whole people. His relations and his value are at once changed. He was before that simply a constituent unit. He is more now—vastly more. Individuality is lost in the larger relationship. He stands now for great ideas, great principles, and wraps up in his personality the great multitude we call the State. He was a unit. He is now the Nation.

"A soldier is more than an individual, more than a man! You cannot think of him or estimate him as one citizen, as son, brother, father. When you look into his closed eyes you see constitutions, history, laws, rights, prerogatives, powers. When you touch his cold body you touch a sacred thing, and you hear drumbeat and bugle call and the thunder of armies!

¹ That of Bishop Vincent.

"It is a great thing to be a dead soldier! He may have died by accident, by disease, by starvation, or by the bullet of the nation's foe; but his death sends a thrill through the nation.

"Society is more than an aggregation of individuals. It is an organism with a unity of life. A soldier is a personality in whom the nerves of the body concentrate.

"It was not merely a man that was killed. The shot was a shot at the nation's heart, and the soldier received it and saved the nation. But the nation's heart throbs at the stroke, and the strength and courage of the smitten soldier goes into the nation's life, and the nation is greater and mightier because of the brave soldier's death.

"'No man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself.' Pre-eminently is this law of inter-relation and inter-dependence true in the life of a great people. Therefore to the soldier's name, to his memory, to his family, and to the centre of influence which he personally controls, comes a current of power, a reward of appreciation, honor, gratitude, and renown from the country's heart. It is a great thing to be a dead soldier!

"The event which brings us all here to-day amidst this reverent silence, the hushed awe of these obsequies, is an illustration of the fact I have stated. The Government and its flag, and all the people of the nation, are involved in this solemn service. A soldier has fallen—for the sake of the whole people. We honor the dead, not only as son, as brother, as friend, as fellow-citizen, as neighbor, but as a private soldier in the Army of the Republic.

"Read the graphic report of the surrender of Santiago and the hoisting of our flag over the city: 'As the chimes of the old cathedral rang out the hour of twelve,

the infantry and cavalry presented arms. Every American uncovered, and Captain McKittrick hoisted the Stars and Stripes. As the brilliant folds unfurled in a gentle breeze against a fleckless sky, the cavalry band played the Star-Spangled Banner. At the same instant the sound of the distant booming of Captain Capron's battery, firing a salute of twenty-one guns, drifted in. When the salute ceased, from all directions around the line came floating across the plaza the strains of the regimental bands and the muffled, hoarse cheers of the troops.²

"Read this, and, as you read, rejoice at the victory won by our arms under our glorious flag. And as you rejoice, remember that the nation's triumph is because of wise leadership, and that wise leadership won its triumph through brave boys fighting to the death in the trenches and thickets, and on the plains about Santiago.

"Thus we come to feel the significance of this event. The good we gain is gained at our neighbor's cost. At our common cost, indeed, for every such bereavement to some extent gives sorrow to every patriotic heart. But our sympathetic sorrow, intense as it can be imagined, is nothing compared to the agonies of father, mother, brothers, sisters, intimates who bury their beloved this summer day. We to whom the cost of war is slight—a few dollars in contribution and in internal revenue stamps, and the solicitude we feel when news is delayed, and the stirring up, now and then, of angry passions—these are often all. But think of the burning memories, the blighted hopes, the bitterness of bereavement, the hunger of heart for one more look, one more word, the long, long years of patient, silent sorrow for these dear ones whose burdens we try, so ineffectively at our best, to help them bear!

"The imposing splendors of a military campaign, blare of trumpets, flaunt of banners, storm of music, flash of steel, thunder of artillery, shouts of victory, and the echoes of all these when the good news comes home through cable and wire, and the daily papers tell the story to a triumphant and enthusiastic people—all these find marked contrast in the silent solemnities of a service like this, where our tread is soft, our voices low, our music muffled, lest we disturb the dead or distress the living whose dead we bury. Thus are the nation's triumph, honor, and joy won at the expense of bruised and broken hearts.

"War? 'War is hell,' said General Sherman. War is awful work. It makes havoc with human affections; it brings pain at separation, and unutterable grief at death. But again, war disciplines character; it saves nations; it exalts into prominence civilizations that represent the highest type of humanity and philanthropy; it depresses and paralyzes nations that in this age stand for a lower type of administration and social life. War gives heroism opportunity. It kindles the spirit of sympathy.

"The war, across the black clouds of which the bow of peace now springs, has united the nation, north, south, east, and west, in bonds stronger than any that have yet been woven or forged. It has given to the nations of the Old World a larger knowledge of our power, progress, and distinctive civilization. It has established our right to a voice in the affairs of the planet. It has increased the confidence of our people in our system of government. It has emphasized the radical defect of a civilization in which caste and priesthood are dominant. It has brought the classes of society together and aimed a blow at anarchism and socialism. It has taught the youth of to-day, the men and women of to-morrow, larger

respect for national ideas. It has given notable lessons in religious fidelity, reverence the acknowledgment of God, the value of sobriety. It has elevated into prominence young men, as distinguished for their humility and religious faith as for their heroism and skill. It has brought out of the blackness of despotism millions of people who have for centuries been under the galling yoke of bondage. It has opened the way for a pure Christianity into regions that do not know the alphabet of Christianity.

“The war has done good—but the cost! Oh, the cost of it, in human life! The dear boy we bury to-day is a part of the loss. But it is something to have been able to contribute to a consummation which arrests the attention and excites the plaudits of the whole world and that guarantees freedom to millions of the race.

“The story of to-day is soon told. It is the story of a dead boy, an Akron boy,—dutiful son, affectionate brother, loyal friend. It is the story of an American boy, the blood of an honest and sturdy ancestry in his veins; the product of our civilization at its best; a product of the American home, the American public school, the American college; a Christian in inheritance, training, profession, and character—reverent, honorable, a gentleman, a manly boy and mother’s boy—his heart throbbing to the last with tender love for his mother,—his ‘darling mother,’ as he called her,—and for all the dear ones in the old homestead.

“When the war came, Theodore resolved to enter the army. He found a place among ‘The Rough Riders.’ He was in his twenty-fourth year, a graduate of Yale in the class of ’97, full of laudable ambition, genial, popular with his class and college mates, respected by his professors, the light of a large hope shining on his future career. In camp he was well

known, an indefatigable worker, patient and uncomplaining under privations, cheerful and giving cheer to his comrades, with hints and help wherever he had opportunity.

"Theodore's journal is full of interesting details of camp life and march, ocean voyage, perilous landing, courageous assault, boldness, daring, and the delight of the soldier's life. It is graphic, vivid, full of humor and patriotism, and radiant with hopefulness. It is, in good clear English, the story of American bravery amidst the discomforts of camp, hospital, and battle-field. At the end of his twenty-fourth day after enlistment, he says: 'My experience thus far has paid me for any sacrifice I have made, and I would not have missed it for anything.'

"He fought his first battle on the twenty-fourth of June. The description of it is in his journal and is most interesting. A postal on the twenty-fifth to his mother says: 'First battle yesterday and had a very fortunate escape. I was not wounded at all. Was in left flank. Am well. It is a good cause and the Cubans are worthy. God leads us. Lovingly, Theodore.'

"Friday, July 1, was his last record. That day he entered again into the conflict. Suddenly he received a wound, severe, fatal. A week of waiting in the hospital. If it was a week of pain, it was a week of unfailing patience, of hope, of desire for life, of submission to the God of his mother, of holy silence. Then came sleep profound, protracted. And when he awoke it was on the shore beyond the River of Death.

"Everybody came to know Theodore. He seems to have elicited general sympathy. He was brave, wise, and patient. 'That is my boy,' said Sister Bettina, a nurse of the Red Cross, as she picked him out as her special ward. And there he lay that long week

between July 1 and July 8, when he slept the sleep of the glorified. I love to think of the tender care he received from his loving nurse who at the last washed him and wrapped him in a clean snow-white sheet for his burial. I love to think of the world of memories he had to draw from during the days and the nights of his patient waiting—pictures of a home unexcelled in all the land for mutual affection; of a mother that loved him and all her children more than she loved her own life; of a father who idolized his boy and kept a heart warm and tender for the whole circle about a fireside where love had glowed for long, long years; of brothers and sisters whose memory was a joy to him and to whom he said in his letter of June 23: ‘My dear family: I want to send my love, and I mean love to all of you separately and collectively, and I hope you will accept it in that way.’

“I am glad to believe that during that week of silence, there came to him memories of the holy truth which he had learned and in which he had been confirmed in childhood, with which he was perfectly familiar, and to which he certainly turned during the days and nights of waiting. I can hear his heart throb with restful joy at the memory of the old words—so full of meaning to him now—‘The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me beside the still waters. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.’ Or the words of comfort and strength that were household words to him, ‘Rock of ages, cleft for me, I will hide myself in Thee,’ and ‘Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly.’

“I am glad to know that during these days he had hope of recovery and of a home-coming. And then he fell asleep and woke in the land where home and earth and love and blessedness have new significance;

in the land where death never comes, where life is life, and where hope is consummation and realization.

"So that, in reality, Theodore Miller is not dead. We who shall stand by his grave to-day believe in a life of the spirit that never ends. In the high interpretation of the Christian faith, there is no death. Life ended is life begun. Vision obscured is vision renewed.

"Theodore Miller is not dead! He will live in marbles that commemorate him, in memories that embalm him, in affections that enshrine him. He will live in the archives of his nation, in the deeper red, the fairer white, the richer blue, and the more radiant stars that make his country's flag. Theodore is not dead! Somewhere else he lives, knows, loves, hopes, grows, and looks forward with confidence to a meeting and a greeting of friends beloved. Does the tree die when autumn winds strip it of verdure? Does the sun die when the night drinks up its radiance?

"Theodore is a sweet and significant name. It means a 'gift of God.' I remember when he came. And now he passes away. The gift God gave to his father and mother they give back to God, to whom, indeed, they long ago gave him. And this summer day, after this storm and a fury of battle, his body finds peace; for a short time this afternoon it finds a place in the dear old library where he spent so many happy days of babyhood, boyhood, and young manhood, and then before the sunset to-day and for all the days of the long years, it will sleep under the shadows of the pleasant trees in Glendale. There, with Eva, first born of the dear household, will Theodore, last born, rest as the years go by.

"Sleep, Theodore! The thunder of battle shall no more disturb thee. Sleep under the green sod of the summer and the stainless snow of the winter—thy

dead face turned upward toward the overarching heavens, thy brave heart and strong arm forever silent!

"But, Theodore, son, brother, friend, soldier, Christian, after all thou art no longer in the grave. I hear thy words of faith, 'God leads us.' He leads the nation to honor, victory, and power. He leads loyal souls to reward. Thou art with Him, and we will be by Him led to thee. Thy soul is marching on. The shadow shall sleep in Glendale. Thou thyself hast begun a career of life and growth and glory.

"It is a great thing to be a dead American soldier, for he can never die!"



APPENDIX

SO FAR as possible the letters which came in large numbers to Theodore's family have been woven into the body of this little volume. Scores of letters full of sympathy and appreciation have not found a place. It would be a pleasure to the family to have these printed, but for obvious reasons the purpose and scope of the book forbid.

There are, however, a few letters, resolutions, and other detached materials which it seems important to include in an appendix. These are added without attempt at organization or comment.

A ROUGH RIDER

THEODORE W. MILLER

Wounded, Santiago, July 1; Died, Siboney, July 8

ONCE for a day beside the northern sea

Our paths were blent together on Fate's chart,
And then the thin lines, set divergently,
For all time led apart.

But 'tis his name, 'mid all the new war's slain,
That brings me near to battle's awe and dread.—
That keys the heart within me to the pain
With which man mourns the dead.

His were the virtues that our grandsires knew,
The steadfast faith, the sturdy loyalty,
And the clean soul that, like a compass true,
Holds straight in any sea.

'Twas like him that he went unheralded!
'Twas like his generous heart to give his all;
'Twas like him, too, following where valor led,
Among the first to fall.

'Twas like him! And the phrase I write again;
'Twas like the simple courage of his soul
To strive amid the boldest, win, and then
Lie prone across the goal.

'Tis of such brain and brawn that God has made
A nation, setting wide its boundary bars,
And to its banner giving the high aid
And courage of the stars.

And if in these late days man still may cling,
To what is high and noble in all time,
Then I, remembering, to his bier may bring
My slender wreath of rhyme.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.
—*In the Ishmaelite, August, 1898.*

FROM COLONEL ROOSEVELT

IN CAMP, MONTAUK POINT, N. Y. }
August 17, 1898. }

J. ASA PALMER, Esq., Care of Aultman, Miller & Co.,
Akron, Ohio.

*My dear Sir:—I am looking forward to the receipt
of that diary. Indeed I did know young Miller, and*

valued him most highly. When he was wounded I had no idea it would prove fatal, and was deeply grieved and shocked at his death. I only wish it were possible for me to leave this regiment and come out to the funeral; but it is out of the question.

Pray tell the members of his family for me, how sincere my sympathy with them is and how much I appreciate the quiet heroism of Theodore Miller,—one of the best men in a regiment full of good men.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

FROM FREDERIC REMINGTON

MY DEAR MR. MILLER:—

. . . I remember him only as a strong, bright-eyed type of the American schoolboy, an athlete, etc. I exposed the awfulness of the consecration of a two-years' enlistment to them in even more than its natural terrors, as fully as I could imagine them; but it was old talk to young men—they were determined to enlist and expected to be killed. I said Wood and Roosevelt were bad men and would certainly get them all killed—it all went for nothing—so they enlisted and your son died as a soldier for the Republic; and in my narrow view of such things he is "consecrated." There is nothing greater. Meanwhile, I feel for you in your sacrifice.

Yours faithfully,

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

FROM THE WOLF'S HEAD SOCIETY

MY DEAR MRS. MILLER:—

We, who were privileged to be Theodore's most intimate associates the last year in college, want to express to you our deepest sympathy in your terrible sorrow. He was the truest and most unselfish of friends, and the example of his splendid life was a constant source of good to all who sought his acquaintance. We who knew him so well, can, perhaps, appreciate our loss the deeper. And, keen as our grief is, it seems but a further unfolding of his character that he died as he lived, fighting for the right.

Most respectfully, the members of W. H. S., '97.

JAMES ISRAEL LINEAWEAVER,
CHARLES REED HEMENWAY,
WILLIAM DARRACH,
CHARLES B. DeCAMP,
THATCHER M. BROWN,
WALTER L. GOODWIN,
W. J. LAPHAM,
EBENEZER HILL, JR.,
JAMES R. JUDD,
EDWARD S. HARKNESS,
FRANKLIN M. CROSBY,
ARTHUR W. BELL,
G. W. UPDIKE.

FROM A GROUP OF CLASSMATES

DEAR MR. MILLER:—

A few members of the class of '97, who are in New Haven this fall, about fourteen in number, met informally last evening to take fitting action in memory of the death of your son.

We were desired to express to you and your family, in some appropriate form, the sympathy of every man present. His death is so keenly felt by us that an expression of this sympathy in formal resolutions would, we feel, be entirely inadequate.

He was a stanch friend and delightful companion, and the memory of his noble life here at Yale, and the way he bravely laid it down in Cuba, will ever be to us, his friends and classmates, a source of inspiration.

There was no larger-hearted man in the class than "T," and as we close again our broken ranks, it is with the knowledge that there is one place that can never be filled again.

Realizing that we can express but little of what we feel, but trusting that you will understand how deeply we sympathize with you,

We remain sincerely,

ALBERT F. JUDD, JR.,

CORNELIUS P. KITCHEL,

HARRY H. TOWNSHEND.

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 8, 1898.

FROM THE CHAUTAUQUA BOARD

WHEREAS, Our President Lewis Miller and his family have been sorely bereaved in the loss of a beloved son and brother,

We do hereby express our sincere sympathy in this affliction; and while the fact that Theodore Miller died in the defense of his country can afford but slight consolation to his family in the freshness of their sorrow, it is a matter of congratulation and rejoicing that his young life, after a childhood of innocence, a most honorable college career, and a record of unsullied manhood, was courageously offered on the altar of his nation's honor, and that through all the years to come the record will endure to give lustre to his family name and add glory to our national tradition.

We request that this resolution be placed on our minutes and that a copy be presented to the family, as our feeble but earnest tribute to the dead soldier boy, and our testimony to our sympathy with his bereaved parents.

EDWARD A. SKINNER,
FRANK HIGGINS,
JOHN H. VINCENT.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., Aug. 2d, 1898.

FROM AN INTIMATE FRIEND

THE impression which I had when I first met Theodore in our Freshman year has always remained with me, only growing and intensifying as the days passed and we came to know each other better. It was that of a man who entered thoroughly into the present, living in it and enjoying it with greater zest than any other I have ever met. He never failed to make use of every opportunity that presented itself, and brought to every changing scene the same enthusiasm and earnestness. When combined with steadfast adherence to the highest principles, these qualities always carry with them the love and respect of all with whom one comes in contact. and these Theodore certainly enjoyed as few men have. To anything he felt was right he devoted himself, and followed wherever it led. Because of this confidence and trust in himself, he always was forced into the place of a leader among us all. For he never sought to gain anything for himself. His final sacrifice was only the culmination of a life of self-sacrifice and of aid and comfort to and sympathy with others.

—From a letter to Mr. Miller from Charles Hemenway.

THE MEMORIAL GATEWAY AT YALE

SOON after Theodore's death it was suggested in several quarters that some memorial should be provided by his Yale classmates. One plan was to found a scholarship, but this was abandoned when the idea of erecting a gateway on the Yale campus was proposed by Henry S. Coffin. The latter suggestion appealed more vividly to the imaginations of his college friends, and seemed more appropriate for a soldier's monument.



A committee of the class was appointed, and, after careful consideration, the following circular letter was sent out to the members of the class:—

NEW YORK, }
January, 1899. }

As you have probably heard, Theodore Westwood Miller, of our class, joined the Rough Riders early in

June, went with them to Santiago, and was engaged in the first part of the campaign there. He fell, shot through the lungs, in the charge on San Juan Hill on July 1st, and died just a week later in the hospital at Siboney.

At a meeting of ninety-seven men held at the Yale Club early in October, and also at one held simultaneously in New Haven, to consider action looking toward the placing of some memorial on the campus, this committee was appointed, and, after carefully considering all forms a memorial of this character might take, it was decided to erect a gateway between the Chapel and Durfee Hall. The decision of the committee was ratified by a later meeting of the class, and the consent of the corporation secured. For this purpose one thousand dollars will be required, and it is greatly desired that every man give what he can, so that the tribute may be, so far as possible, one from the entire class.

We earnestly request you to give this matter your attention and to add whatever you feel able to the memorial fund, trusting that you will be in full sympathy with the purpose of the committee to make the memorial, as nearly as possible, worthy of the man for whom it is erected, and whom we all knew and respected during our four years together.

As it is necessary for your committee to know within a limited time how large an amount we can command, we request you to respond to this letter as early as possible, even in case your present circumstances may prevent your contributing.



Please make checks payable and send to Thatcher M. Brown, treasurer, 59 Wall Street, New York city.

Yours truly,

EDWARD S. HARKNESS,
ROBERT S. BREWSTER,
THATCHER M. BROWN,
HARRY L. DE FOREST,
FRANCIS P. GARVAN,
CHARLES R. HEMENWAY,
KNOX MADDOX,
CHARLES H. STUDINSKI.

Committee.

The response to this appeal was unexpectedly prompt and generous. The work was taken in hand without delay. Mr. Charles C. Haight, of New York, was chosen as architect, and under his supervision a gateway, strong and simple, harmonizing admirably with the two buildings — Battell Chapel and Durfee Hall — which it joins, has been erected. This gateway forms the principal means of approach to the campus from the Elm Street side, and spans one of the most frequented of the routes of student wayfaring.

The gateway has two panels. That facing Elm Street bears the inscription found on opposite page.

The other panel, turned toward the campus, bears a decorative symbolic design, consisting of a pair of crossed sabres superimposed upon wings of victory. Above the carving are the words "Ist U S Vol Cav," and below, the line "Las Guasimas San Juan Santiago." On either side the letters "R R" are intertwined.

It is hard to imagine a monument more thoroughly satisfying to Theodore's friends. It stands in the

midst of the Yale life which he loved, as a symbol of manly virtues by which that life must be preserved.

IN MEMORY OF
THEODORE WESTWOOD MILLER
CLASS OF 1897
WHO FELL MORTALLY WOUNDED
IN THE CHARGE
ON SAN JUAN HILL AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA
1ST JULY 1898
BORN 30TH JAN. 1875 DIED 8TH JULY 1898

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